

A Study-Book
of
Narrative and Descriptive Prose

SELECTED AND EDITED

By

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PREFACE

Years of teaching experience in India have convinced me that the teacher of English must strive above all else to get his pupils to read as widely as possible for the pure joy that is to be found in books. No amount of drill in composition or of intensive study of a limited number of prescribed texts, however faithfully and ably done, will do as much for the student as the development of the library habit. for pleasurable reading enlarges the vocabulary and trains the reader in correct idiom while widening his field of thought and stimulating his imagination.

With this in mind the first concern of this little book of selections has been to provide reading-matter of such interest to junior students that it may whet the appetite for further reading. As descriptive and narrative prose has the most immediate appeal to young people, the selections have been confined to prose of this order, eschewing all prose of a more expository nature. This will account for the absence of anything in the nature of literary criticism and of the essay proper, which can hardly be described as either narrative or descriptive

In the second place, while the prose in these selections is calculated both materially to increase the student's vocabulary and to extend his field of general knowledge and experience, it is at the same time clear and straightforward enough to be well within his powers. Care has been taken also to select prose of recognized excellence in order that only the best models may be presented. The brief introductions contain comments, which it is hoped may prove suggestive, on the life of the author, if it merits such attention; on his style and interests; and on the effects at which he is aiming. Each introduction is deliberately short, but tries to be informative, and, bearing in mind the major object of this book, to inspire students to more extended reading. It is perhaps too much to hope that any such commentaries can accomplish this, but in any event the attempt is worth making.

The notes do not pretend to be exhaustive, or to take the place of the dictionary. The only way to learn a new word properly is to look it up for one's self; since then it stands a real chance of taking a place in one's vocabulary. The notes, therefore, deal in the main with historical or literary allusions or explain such words and phrases as may offer more unusual difficulties. Actually the prose in this book is such that little annotation is necessary, for each choice has been made only after such careful consideration that many selec-

tions, which on first thought seemed eminently suitable. were eventually rejected as being either too difficult. or too involved in style, or too full of somewhat obscure references to fit the purposes of this volume

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I

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

THE END OF THE WORLD

GEORGE BORROW

1803—1881

Theodore Watts-Dunton has described George Borrow as "the most eccentric, the most whimsical, and in many ways the most extraordinary" among all the "remarkable individuals" in literature of his time. His life is a story of wanderings and unusual experiences, particularly amongst the gypsies of England and Wales, and forms, in one phase or other, the subject-matter of his books, *Lavengro*, *The Zincali*, *The Bible in Spain*, *Romany Rye*, and *Wild Wales*. Resolved on a literary career, he went to London in 1824 to win his way with his pen. But his works gained no recognition, and he was reduced to such dire poverty that he took to the open road as a tramp. *Lavengro* is the fascinating record of his earliest wandering, and contains such well-known incidents as his fight with Slingsby, the "Flaming Tinman." It was, however, *The Bible in Spain*, from which this selection is chosen, which in 1843 gave him his first popularity as a writer. It was built upon his picturesque and graphic letters to the Bible Society for whom he acted as colporteur in Spain, and in point of time preceded *Lavengro* in publication.

As Borrow in this selection describes Cape Finisterre for us, it must be noted that what he is really most concerned with is a particular aspect which it presents to him. While he does give us a general impression of the scene, what he emphasises throughout is the significance of the name of the cape, "The End of the World," and the influence which that has on his emotion. With infinite skill he builds up this idea, and it abides with us more strongly than anything else when we have finished our reading. In Borrow we

are, perhaps not so deeply concerned with the scenes or events which he described as with the unique personality of the writer himself, for it reveals itself on every page of his narrative

It was a beautiful autumnal morning when we left the Choza¹ and pursued our way to Corcuvion. I satisfied our host by presenting him with a couple of pesetas, and he requested as a favour, that if on our return we passed that way, and were overtaken by the night, we would again take up our abode beneath his roof. This I promised, at the same time determining to do my best to guard against the contingency; as sleeping in the loft of a Gallegan² hut, though preferable to passing the night on a moor or mountain, is anything but desirable.

So we again started at a rapid pace along rough bridle-ways and footpaths, amidst furze and brushwood. In about an hour we obtained a view of the sea, and directed by a lad, whom we found on the moor employed in tending a few miserable sheep, we bent our course to the north-west, and at length reached the brow of an eminence, where we stopped for some time to survey the prospect which opened before us.

It was not without reason that the Latins gave the name of Finisterræ³ to this district. We had arrived exactly at such a place as in my boyhood I had pictured to myself as the termination of the world, beyond which there was a wild sea, or abyss, or chaos. I now saw far before me an immense ocean, and below me a long and

irregular line of lofty and precipitous coast. Certainly in the whole world there is no bolder coast than the Gallegan shore, from the debouchment of the Minho to Cape Finisterra. It consists of a granite wall of savage mountains, for the most part serrated at the top, and occasionally broken, where bays and firths like those of Vigo and Pontevedrà intervene, running deep into the land. These bays and firths are invariably of an immense depth, and sufficiently capacious to shelter the navies of the proudest maritime nations.

There is an air of stern and savage grandeur in everything around, which strongly captivates the imagination. This savage coast is the first glimpse of Spain which the voyager from the north catches, or he who has ploughed his way across the wide Atlantic; and well does it seem to realise all his visions of this strange land. "Yes," he exclaims, "this is indeed Spain—stern, flinty Spain—land emblematic of those spirits to which she has given birth. From what land but that before me could have proceeded those portentous beings who astounded the Old World and filled the New with horror and blood. Alba⁴ and Philip⁵, Cortez⁶, and Pizarro⁷ stern colossal spectres looming through the gloom of bygone years, like yonder granite mountains through the haze, upon the eye of the mariner. Yes, yonder is indeed Spain; flinty, indomitable Spain; land emblematic of its sons!"

As for myself, when I viewed that wide ocean and its savage shore, I cried, "Such is the grave, and such are its terrific sides; those moors and wilds. over which I have passed, are the rough and dreary journey of life. Cheered with hope, we struggle along through all the difficulties of moor, bog, and mountain, to arrive at—what? The grave and its dreary sides. Oh, may hope not desert us in the last hour: hope in the Redeemer and in God!"

We descended from the eminence, and again lost sight of the sea amidst ravines and dingles, amongst which patches of pine were occasionally seen. Continuing to descend, we at last came, not to the sea, but to the extremity of a long narrow firth, where stood a village or hamlet: whilst at a small distance, on the western side of the firth, appeared one considerably larger, which was indeed almost entitled to the appellation of town. This last was Corcuvion; the first, if I forget not, was called Ria de Silla. We hastened on to Corcuvion, where I bade my guide make inquiries respecting Finisterra. He entered the door of a wine-house, from which proceeded much noise and vociferation, and presently returned, informing me that the village of Finisterra was distant about a league and a half. A man, evidently in a state of intoxication, followed him to the door. "Are you bound for Finisterra, Cavalheiros?" he shouted.

"Yes, my friend," I replied, "we are going thither."

"Then you are going amongst a flock of drunkards (*fato de borrachos*)," he answered. "Take care that they do not play you a trick."

We passed on, and striking across a sandy peninsula at the back of the town, soon reached the shore of an immense bay, the north-westernmost end of which was formed by the far-famed cape of Finisteria, which we now saw before us stretching far into the sea.

Along a beach of dazzling white sand we advanced towards the cape, the bourne of our journey. The sun was shining brightly, and every object was illumined by his beams. The sea lay before us like a vast mirror, and the waves which broke upon the shore were so tiny as scarcely to produce a murmur. On we sped along the deep winding bay, overhung by gigantic hills and mountains. Strange recollections began to throng upon my mind. It was upon this beach that, according to the tradition of all ancient Christendom, St. James,⁸ the patron saint of Spain, preached the gospel to the heathen Spaniards. Upon this beach had once stood an immense commercial city, the proudest in all Spain. This now desolate bay had once resounded with the voices of myriads, when the keels and commerce of all the then known world were wafted to Duxo.

"What is the name of this village?" said I to a woman, as we passed by five or six ruinous houses at the bend of the bay, ere we entered upon the peninsula of

Finisterra.

"This is no village," said the Gallegan, "this is no village, sir cavalier, this is a city, this is Duyo."

So much for the glory of the world! These huts were all that the roaring sea and the tooth of time had left of Duyo, the great city! Onward now to Finisterra.

It was midday when we reached the village of Finisterra, consisting of about one hundred houses, and built on the southern side of the Peninsula, just before it rises into the huge bluff head which is called the Cape. We sought in vain for an inn or venta, where we might stable our beast; at one moment we thought that we had found one, and had even tied the animal to the manger. Upon our going out, however, he was instantly untied and driven forth into the street. The few people whom we saw appeared to gaze upon us in a singular manner. We, however, took little notice of these circumstances, and proceeded along the straggling street until we found shelter in the house of a Castilian shopkeeper, whom some chance had brought to this corner of Galicia,—this end of the world. Our first care was to feed the animal, which now began to exhibit considerable symptoms of fatigue. We then requested some refreshments for ourselves; and in about an hour, a tolerably savoury fish, weighing about three pounds, and fresh from the bay, was prepared for us by an old woman who appeared to officiate as housekeeper. Hav-

ing finished our meal, I and my uncouth companion went forth and prepared to ascend the mountain

We stopped to examine a small dismantled fort or battery facing the bay; and whilst engaged in this examination, it more than once occurred to me that we were ourselves the objects of scrutiny and investigation; indeed, I caught a glimpse of more than one countenance peering upon us through the holes and chasms of the walls. We now commenced ascending Finisterra; and making numerous and long détours, we wound our way up its flinty sides. The sun had reached the top of heaven, whence he showered upon us perpendicularly his brightest rays. My boots were torn, my feet cut, and the perspiration streamed from my brow. To my guide, however, the ascent appeared to be neither toilsome nor difficult. The heat of the day for him had no terrors, no moisture was wrung from his tanned countenance; he drew not one short breath, and hopped upon the stones and rocks with all the provoking agility of a mountain goat. Before we had accomplished one-half of the ascent, I felt myself quite exhausted. I reeled and staggered. "Cheer up, master mine, be of good cheer, and have no care," said the guide. "Yonder I see a wall of stones; lie down beneath it in the shade." He put his long and strong arm round my waist, and though his stature compared with mine was that of a dwarf, he supported me, as if I had been a child, to a

rude wall which seemed to traverse the greatest part of the hill, and served probably as a kind of boundary. It was difficult to find a shady spot. At last he perceived a small chasm, perhaps scooped by some shepherd as a couch in which to enjoy his siesta. In this he laid me gently down, and taking off his enormous hat, commenced fanning me with great assiduity. By degrees I revived, and after having rested for a considerable time, I again attempted the ascent, which, with the assistance of my guide, I at length accomplished.

We were now standing at a great altitude between two bays, the wilderness of waters before us. Of all the ten thousand barks which annually plough those seas in sight of that old cape, not one was to be descried. It was a blue shiny waste, broken by no object save the black head of a spermaceti whale, which would occasionally show itself at the top, casting up thin jets of brine. The principal bay, that of Finisterra, as far as the entrance, was beautifully variegated by an immense shoal of sardinhas,⁹ on whose extreme skirts the monster was probably feasting. From the northern side of the cape we looked down upon a smaller bay, the shore of which was overhung by rocks of various and grotesque shapes; this is called the outer bay, or, in the language of the country, *Praia do mar de fora*:¹⁰ a fearful place in seasons of wind and tempest, when the long swell of the Atlantic pouring in, is broken into surf and foam

by the sunken rocks with which it abounds. Even in the calmest day there is a rumbling and a hollow roar in that bay which fill the heart with uneasy sensations.

On all sides there was grandeur and sublimity. After gazing from the summit of the cape for nearly an hour, we descended.

—GEORGE BORROW

THE PLAINS OF PATAGONIA

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

1841—1922

William Henry Hudson was born at Quilmes near Buenos Aires and remained in the Argentine until 1869, when he went to London where he lived until his death in 1922. He always considered that his life really ended, when his Argentine days were over, and, not without justice, since the greater part of his life in England was spent in comparative poverty and depressing surroundings after the freedom and open spaces to which his youthful experience had accustomed him. Recognition as a writer came to him late with the publication in 1906 of *Green Mansions*, still his most popular book.

While *Green Mansions* is a novel, Hudson thought of himself as a naturalist rather than as a writer, and it is for his studies of nature, particularly of bird-life, that he is most highly esteemed by critics. Most of the material for his nature-studies was furnished by his wanderings and observation on the plains of the Argentine, when he was a young man and rover.

This selection is designedly a much less lively description of landscape than that by George Borrow, but as a piece of literary craftsmanship it attains a very high standard. In the first place Hudson has wonderfully presented the character and distinctive atmosphere of the grey, monotonous, solitary Patagonian plains. He has accomplished this by careful and detailed description, building up his picture step by step to create the desired effect. One might note as just one example of this how by, deft re-iterations he impresses upon our minds the prevailing greyness of the country.

But the description is not only one of landscape and atmosphere but one of a mood. Therein, perhaps, lies the real theme of the writer in a study, which is far more subjective even than Borrow's of Cape Finisterre. It is the influence of the scene on the emotions which concerns him most; and, as we read, he makes us active participants in his own strange emotional experience.

We know that the more deeply our feelings are moved by any scene the more vivid and lasting will its image be in memory—a fact which accounts for the comparatively unfading character of the images that date back to the period of childhood, when we are most emotional. Judging from my own case, I believe that we have here the secret of the persistence of Patagonian images, and their frequent recurrence in the minds of many who have visited that grey, monotonous, and, in one sense, eminently uninteresting region. It is not the effect of the unknown, it is not imagination; it is that nature in these desolate scenes, for a reason to be guessed at by-and-by, moves us more deeply than in others. In describing his rambles in one of the most desolate spots in Patagonia, Darwin¹ remarks: "Yet in passing over these scenes, without one bright object near, an ill-defined but strong sense of pleasure is vividly excited." When I recall a Patagonian scene, it comes before me so complete in all its vast extent, with all its details so clearly outlined, that, if I were actually gazing on it, I could scarcely see it more distinctly; yet other scenes, even those that were beautiful and sublime, with forest,

and ocean and mountain, and over all the deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine of the tropics, appear no longer distinct and entire in memory, and only become more broken and clouded if any attempt is made to regard them attentively. Here and there I see a wooded mountain, a grove of palms, a flowery tree, green waves dashing on a rocky shore—nothing but isolated patches of bright colour, the parts of the picture that have not faded on a great blurred canvas, or series of canvases. These last are images of scenes which were looked on with wonder and admiration—feelings which the Patagonian wastes could not inspire—but the grey, monotonous solitude woke other and deeper feelings, and in that mental state the scene was indelibly impressed on the mind.

I spent the greater part of one winter at a point on the Rio Negro², seventy or eighty miles from the sea, where the valley on my side of the water was about five miles wide. The valley alone was habitable, where there was water for man and beast, and a thin soil producing grass and grain; it is perfectly level, and ends abruptly at the foot of the bank or terrace-like formation of the higher barren plateau. It was my custom to go out every morning on horseback with my gun, and, followed by one dog, to ride away from the valley; and no sooner would I climb the terrace and plunge into the grey universal thicket than I would find myself as

completely alone and cut off from all sight and sound of human occupancy as if five hundred instead of only five miles separated me from the hidden green valley and river. So wild and solitary and remote seemed that grey waste, stretching away into infinitude, a waste untrodden by man, and where the wild animals are so few that they have made no discoverable path in the wilderness of thorns. There I might have dropped down and died, and my flesh been devoured by birds, and my bones bleached white in sun and wind, and no person would have found them, and it would have been forgotten that one had ridden forth in the morning and had not returned. Or if, like the few wild animals there—puma³, huanaco,⁴ and hare-like *Dolichotis*,⁵ or Darwin's rhea⁶ and the crested tinamou⁷ among the birds—I had been able to exist without water, I might have made myself a hermitage of brushwood or dug-out in the side of a cliff, and dwelt there until I had grown grey as the stones and trees around me, and no human foot would have stumbled on my hiding-place.

Not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but day after day I returned to this solitude, going to it in the morning as if to attend a festival, and leaving it only when hunger and thirst and the westering sun compelled me. And yet I had no object in going—no motive which could be put into words; for although I carried a gun, there was nothing to shoot—the shooting was all

left behind in the valley. Sometimes a *Dolichotis*, starting up at my approach, flashed for one moment on my sight, to vanish the next moment in the continuous thicket; or a covey of tinamous sprang rocket-like into the air, and fled away with long wailing notes and loud whir of wings; or on some distant hill-side a bright patch of yellow, of a deer that was watching me, appeared and remained motionless for two or three minutes. But the animals were few, and sometimes I would pass an entire day without seeing one mammal, and perhaps not more than a dozen birds of any size. The weather at that time was cheerless, generally with a grey film of cloud spread over the sky, and a bleak wind, often cold enough to make my bridle hand feel quite numb. Moreover, it was not possible to enjoy a canter; the bushes grew so close together that it was as much as one could do to pass through at a walk without brushing against them; and at this slow pace, which would have seemed intolerable in other circumstances, I would ride about for hours at a stretch. In the scene itself there was nothing to delight the eye. Everywhere through the light, grey mould, grey as ashes and formed by the ashes of myriads of generations of dead trees, where the wind had blown on it, or the rain had washed it away, the underlying yellow sand appeared, and the old ocean-polished pebbles, dull red, and grey, and green, and yellow. On arriving at a hill. I would slowly ride to its

summit, and stand there to survey the prospect. On every side it stretched away in great undulations; but the undulations were wild and irregular; the hills were rounded and cone-shaped, they were solitary and in groups and ranges; some sloped gently, others were ridge-like and stretched away in league-long terraces, with other terraces beyond; and all alike were clothed in the grey everlasting thorny vegetation. How grey it all was! hardly less so near at hand than on the haze-wrapped horizon, where the hills were dim and the outline blurred by distance. Sometimes I would see the large eagle-like, white-breasted buzzard,⁸ *Buteo erythronotus*, perched on the summit of a bush half a mile away; and so long as it would continue stationed motionless before me my eyes would remain involuntarily fixed on it, just as one keeps his eyes on a bright light shining in the gloom; for the whiteness of the hawk seemed to exercise a fascinating power on the vision, so surpassingly bright was it by contrast in the midst of that universal unrelieved greyness. Descending from my lookout, I would take up my aimless wanderings again, and visit other elevations to gaze on the same landscape from another point; and so on for hours, and at noon I would dismount and sit or lie on my folded poncho⁹ for an hour or longer. One day, in these rambles, I discovered a small grove composed of twenty to thirty trees, about eighteen feet high, and taller than the surrounding trees.

They were growing at a convenient distance apart, and had evidently been resorted to by a herd of deer or other wild animals for a very long time, for the boles were polished to a glassy smoothness with much rubbing, and the ground beneath was trodden to a floor of clean, loose yellow sand. This grove was on a hill differing in shape from other hills in its neighbourhood, so that it was easy for me to find it on other occasions; and after a time I made a point of finding and using it as a resting-place every day at noon. I did not ask myself why I made choice of that one spot, sometimes going miles out of my way to sit there, instead of sitting down under any one of the millions of trees and bushes covering the country, on any other hillside. I thought nothing at all about it, but acted unconsciously; only afterwards, when revolving the subject, it seemed to me that after having rested there once, each time I wished to rest again the wish came associated with the image of that particular clump of trees, with polished stems and clean bed of sand beneath; and in a short time I formed a habit of returning, animal-like, to repose at that same spot.

It was perhaps a mistake to say that I would sit down and rest, since I was never tired: and yet without being tired, that noontday pause, during which I sat for an hour without moving, was strangely grateful. All day the silence seemed grateful, it was very perfect, very profound. There were no insects, and the only

bird-sound—a feeble chirp of alarm emitted by a small skulking wren-like species—was not heard oftener than two or three times an hour. The only sounds as I rode were the muffled hoof-strokes of my horse, scratching of twigs against my boot or saddle-flap, and the low panting of the dog. And it seemed to be a relief to escape even from these sounds when I dismounted and sat down: for in a few moments the dog would stretch his head out on his paws and go to sleep, and then there would be no sound, not even the rustle of a leaf. For unless the wind blows strong there is no fluttering motion and no whisper in the small stiff undeciduous¹⁰ leaves; and the bushes stand unmoving as if carved out of stone. One day while *listening* to the silence, it occurred to my mind to wonder what the effect would be if I were to shout aloud. This seemed at the time a horrible suggestion of fancy, a “lawless and uncertain thought” which almost made me shudder, and I was anxious to dismiss it quickly from my mind. But during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind; animal forms did not cross my vision or bird-voices assail my hearing more rarely. In that novel state of mind I was in, thought had become impossible. Elsewhere I had always been able to think most freely on horseback; and on the pampas, even in the most lonely places, my mind was always most active when I travelled at a swinging gallop. This was doubtless habit; but

now, with a horse under me, I had become incapable of reflection: my mind had suddenly transformed itself from a thinking machine into a machine for some other unknown purpose. To think was like setting in motion a noisy engine in my brain; and there was something there which bade me be still, and I was forced to obey. My state was one of *suspense* and *watchfulness*: yet I had no expectation of meeting with an adventure, and felt as free from apprehension as I feel now when sitting in a room in London. The change in me was just as great and wonderful as if I had changed my identity for that of another man or animal; but at the time I was powerless to wonder at or speculate about it; the state seemed familiar rather than strange, and although accompanied by a strong feeling of elation, I did not know it—did not know that something had come between me and my intellect—until I lost it and returned to my former self—to thinking, and the old insipid existence.

—WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

II

TRUE TALES OF ADVENTURE

A TIGER HUNT

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY

1792—1881

Edward John Trelawny is best known as a writer for his *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, in which, as a close friend of both poets and a devoted admirer of Shelley, he has given to the world the most valuable intimate account we have of them and of their little circle. But in its own way his *Adventures of a Younger Son*, is an equally remarkable volume.

From the time when he was sent home under guard from his school for fomenting mischief and rebellion and even attempting to set the house on fire, his career was one of such stormy adventure that Meredith has aptly portrayed him as "The Old Buccaneer" in *The Amazing Marriage*. Expelled from school, he was entered by his father in the Royal Navy. Although fond of the sea and eager to rush into perils, he found discipline in the British fleet irksome, and, while at Bombay, after beating a fellow-officer who had maltreated a friend, deserted his ship, and joined a Dutch-American privateer named De Ruyter. He was then only seventeen years of age, and entered upon a career, which, as we read of it in *The Adventures of a Younger Son*, seems quite incredible. The story is one of raids on pirates' dens, fights with British frigates, storm and shipwreck, tiger-hunts, and a romantic love-affair. It is told in simple, vigorous language, and is more thrilling than the most exciting novel. Strange as it may seem, the story appears in the main to be fairly truthfully told. Indeed, Trelawny's exploits in the Greek War of Independence are no less exciting, and amply bear out the picture of the young pirate of earlier days.

The selection is very characteristic of the whole book. To us, who live in the great land which is the tiger's traditional home, it should have an especial appeal. Moreover, this brief glimpse of the swashbuckling figure of fierce hates and passionate loyalties, who was present at Shelley's funeral pyre, and sailed for Greece with Byron on the poet's last splendid journey, should stir us to further interest in the two fascinating volumes which he left to posterity.

The Adventures of a Younger Son was published anonymously in 1831, but its authorship did not remain long a secret. It had an immediate and tremendous vogue.

As we approached the hill, there was an undulating ground, the soil red, with low jungle, bearing red and yellow berries in profusion. Bustards, large flocks of cranes, herons, and sea-birds were in the air. Jackals, foxes, and several animals I had not seen before, crossed our path. We had glimpses of herds of wild elephants and buffaloes, grazing on the plain we had passed. At noon we were stopped by a river, broad, muddy, and shallow, which doubtless floods the upper plain during the rainy season; that is, for seven or eight months during the year, it then must force a passage into the morass below. After being a long time detained, the elephants forded it, when we rested for the night; or rather we did not rest, for we were so tormented with stinging vermin that none of us could sleep. The next day we ascended (as it is called) the Haunted Hill; which the natives hold in such superstitious awe, that, in all probability, we were, for centuries, the first who had

disturbed the hallowed precincts of ogres and spirits, confidently reported to reside there. Remnants indeed there were of a city of some sort. De Ruyter¹ said they were Moorish. There were large masses of stone, choked-up tanks, and indications of where wells had once been, but almost entirely concealed by thick bushes, dank weeds, creepers, and other vegetation, flourishing in profusion. Wherever it was penetrable, it bore the footprints of so many wild animals, that there was enough to check the hitherto insatiable thirst of dry and musty antiquaries.

We pitched our tent on a rocky part of the hill free from jungle, lighted fires, roasted a young stag, commenced arrangements for the morrow's sport, and slept. Before the dawn, the restless Malay chieftain was calling up his followers, and preparing the elephants, of which we had six. Soon after it was light, everything was in readiness, and we set forward. Zela², who insisted on accompanying us, was mounted on her small elephant, and encaged in the only covered howdah, ours being all open. We beat about in vain; for though we met with tigers' footmarks in many of the open places, near pools of standing water, the high grass and thick bushes prevented our tracing them to cover. We found, however, abundance of smaller game; deer, wild hogs, and a variety of birds. De Ruyter, having carefully surveyed the neighbourhood, came in at night, and

told us he had tracked three tigers to a thick jungle, near which he had found the bones of an elk-deer, recently killed by them.

With this promise of sport, we started in the morning in great glee; and, as we thought, well prepared for the attack. After riding about two miles, we descended to the plain, and came to an exceedingly thick jungle, with thorny bushes and canes. Around us was the plain covered with very high jungle-grass, and dank weeds, with bushes scattered here and there, but few timber trees. De Ruyter conducted us to the spot where he had discovered the stag's bones, surrounded by moist and torn-up earth and trampled grass; thence we had no difficulty in tracing the tiger's huge paws into the patch of jungle. Here De Ruyter divided our party, so as to block up the only apparently accessible outlets, made by wild beasts; and by these openings we were to enter. The greater proportion of our party was on foot, and seemingly as unconcerned as if going in to hunt weasels. I left Zela, seated in her howdah, at the opening of the wood, guarded by four of her own Arabs

De Ruyter and myself dismounted to clear a passage; the Malays were divided into two parties; and we were backed by our sailors, whom we cautioned to be careful in the use of their firearms, as more was to be feared from accidents with them, than from the tigers. De Ruyter expressed great doubts of our elephants' fac-

ing the tiger, but it was necessary to try them. In our progress towards the bushes we turned out many deer, hares, and wild cats. We saw also ruins, said to be those of a Moorish palace. Nothing but the sagacity of the elephants could have steered us clear of broken masses of buildings, chasms, and wells overgrown with dank verdure. It was a wild and haunted-looking place, which awed even the sailors in their boisterous mirth, and silenced the ribaldry and obscene threatening of the Malays. The low, trumpeting sound and foot-stamping of our elephants gave notice that the tiger's den was near. A vaulted ruin was before us; there was a rustling amongst the bushes; De Ruyter said, "Be steady, my lads!" and a tiger, the first I had ever faced, finding his passage blocked up, charged us. We fired together, I know not with what effect; for both our elephants slewed round, and ran away wild with fear. My mahout threw himself off and a branch of a tree struck me off. I heard a tremendous war-whoop, and fire kept up on all sides. De Ruyter's elephant fell into a half-choked well; but, with his wonted self-possession, he extricated himself. ✓

Leaving the elephants to their fate, we determined not to lose the sport. De Ruyter thought there were more tigers in the den, and he went on foot to drive them out. We got some of the men together, and proceeded to the spot, to which we were directed by the

abominable stench, and the dried bones scattered about. The bushes were cleared away, and we heard, as we drew near, back to back, forcing our way onwards, low, muttering growls and sharp snarls. "Stand close!" exclaimed De Ruyter; "there is a tigress with her whelps; have care; don't fire, my lads, till she breaks cover, and fire low."

A whelp, three parts grown, first came forth to charge us. De Ruyter, expecting the old one would follow, reserved his fire, and cautioned me to do the same. The whelp looked frightened, and slunk away, crouching under a thick bush, where it remained snarling, and thither the other whelps followed. The mother's growl became terrific; a shot at one of the whelps brought her out, lashing her sides, and foaming with rage. She rushed right on us; I fired both barrels; we then retreated a few paces. The wounded brute staggered after us, and when rising to spring, De Ruyter, who had still reserved his fire, shot her right through the heart. While I was charging my gun, one of the whelps, already wounded, drove against me, and knocked me down; when De Ruyter, with as much coolness as if he had been pigeon-shooting, put his rifle to its ear, and almost blew its head off. Meantime the sailors kept up a fire, till the balls were flying about our heads, on the remaining whelps, which were stealing away wounded. "Let us stand behind this rock," said De

Ruyter, "a sailor uses a musket as he does a horse—he bears down all before him."

A Malay came from the chieftain to tell us the other part of the jungle was alive with tigers—that they had already killed two, and that one of their men was dead. There was now as much noise and confusion as in a naval battle, or at the sacking of a city. I observed, however, that tigers were not such formidable opponents as I had imagined. They lay close and crouching in the long grass, or under the bushes, and were as difficult to get up as cats or quail. It generally required a shot to move them; then they always essayed every means of escape through the thickest cover: and it was only when finding every passage blocked up, and smarting from wounds, that they rushed blindly and madly on their pursuers, forced by despair, like a cat or a rat. With nerve and self-possession, two men with double-barrelled guns would have little to fear, and might boldly go up to the mouth of the den of a tiger. This piece of thick jungle, interspersed with caverns, rocks and ruins, plenty of water near, a great plain covered with high jungle-grass, and well supplied with a diversity of smaller animals to prey upon, was a favoured abode for tigers; and had they been endowed with reason, they could not have selected a spot on the island so admirably adapted for their residence; while their number and size indicated how well they thrived

there. A great many escaped on the plain, where it was impossible to follow them. Several of our men were badly mauled by them, and more by falls: one of the Malays had his spine so injured, that he died in great agony.

Uneasy at my long absence from Zela, I went alone (for all our people were scattered) to the entrance of the wood, where I had left her guarded. As I approached the place, I was alarmed at a mingled noise of tigers, elephants, and screaming voices. I hastened on as fast as the thick cover and broken ground would permit. The fierce snarlings of tigers became louder. I passed the spot where I had left Zela, burst through the cover wildly with terror, and, on getting to the open space, beheld a monstrous tiger on the back of her elephant, clinging with his huge claws on the howdah, gnashing his teeth, roaring and foaming with rage. Zela not visible, methought he had devoured her. I struck my head with my clenched hand, exclaiming, "Fool! fool!" and for a moment staggered unnerved, while a deathlike sickness came over me! It was but a moment: my blood renewed its course through my veins like flame! My carbine not being charged, I cast it from me; and armed with nothing but a long Malayan creese³, fierce and fearless, I rushed by a half-grown limping tiger-whelp, whining and gnawing at something, which I passed unheedingly. The elephant was

stamping, squealing, and struggling desperately to shake off his enemy. The grizzly tiger fell, but within his grip he held a human victim, bent up, and enveloped in a white cotton garment, such as Zela wore.

As I came within a few paces of the tiger, holding his victim down with a paw upon his breast, he glared ferociously on me. While I was rushing in on him, a voice above me, faint and tremulous, said, "Oh, Prophet, guard him!" I heard no more—I was madly striking out my arm, to plunge the weapon in the tiger's throat, while he was in the act of springing on me. The elephant, as if Zela's prayer had been heard, struck the tiger, while his eye was fixed on me, with his hind foot, sent him reeling many paces, and, ere he could recover, I had plunged my creese up to the hilt in his body. A loud shout, drowning the cries of tiger, elephant, and all others, now burst on my ear, and the Malay chieftain came up, in good time; for so tenacious of life is the tiger, that he was still enabled to strike me down with his paw, and as the whelp had come on me, I should have been torn to pieces but for the chieftain's timely aid. He thrust his spear through the whelp, and buried his dagger twenty times in the body of the tiger; then, dragging the lifeless brute from above me, he helped me up, and said, "Yes, this is very good amusement—I like it! Let's go into the jungle again—there are plenty more of them, and we will kill them all!" upon

which, roaring like a lion, and reeking with sweat and blood, he shook his spear, and darted into the wood again.

My wild and vacant eye fortunately fell on the form of Zela, who was clinging speechless at my feet, or I should have died or gone mad. I endeavoured to raise her, but my strength had left me. I staggered and fell, clasping her, when for a time I was almost insensible. Recovering, I beheld her safe, saw the dead bodies of the tigers, and found all was quiet near us.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to the bundle of white rags which lay close at my feet.

"That, dearest, is the poor mahout—I fear he is dead!"

"Oh, is it only he! I thought it had been you, and that you were now but a spirit, my elected good one; for you know, by my new Arab creed, I am allowed two, a good one and a bad one."

My rage was presently directed against Zela's Arabs, who made their appearance from the bushes, whither they had been lured by the cubs of a leopard, one of which they had secured, De Ruyter having shot the dam. I was infuriated at these fellows for having put Zela's life in jeopardy, and gave chase to one, with the determination of shooting him. My pistol was pointed at his breast and I was in the act of pulling the trigger, when a hand struck up my arm, and the pistol

was discharged in the air. I turned round, prepared to fell the intruder with the heavy capped butt-end of the weapon, when the eye of Zela met mine with a glance that penetrated my breast, and would have restored my reason, had I been mad. In her low piercing accents, she said.

"He is our foster-brother; our milk was the same, so must be our blood. Let us not destroy each other! Has not the Prophet, this day, saved the remnant of our father's house? It is the evil spirit, which pursued my father to his death, that hath now descended on you! His hand is on your heart: beware lest it should be turned to stone. His shadow is hanging over you, like a cloud over the sun, and makes you appear as black, and fierce, and unforgiving as himself!"

"You are our Malay's hawk,⁴ I suppose; but the black shadow of the raven's wing is vanished—the sun is unobscured—the ill-omened bird has left me! I must to the jungle again. What can have become of De Ruyter? Come, mount your elephant: I would rather entrust you to him, than leave you girt round by a thousand Arabs. He is a noble beast."

Going up to him, I gave Zela some bread and fruit that she might feed him. He seemed abstracted in gloomy contemplation, and gazed with more than human sympathy on the prostrate body of the dying mahout. He noticed us not; and as his eye fell on the

dead tiger, he stamped, looked fierce, and made a trumpeting noise, as if in triumph at having avenged his friend's death! Then, as if remembering he had avenged, but not saved, his ears and trunk drooped; and though he himself was torn and bleeding, his moist and thoughtful eye gave token that all his feelings were absorbed in grief for him he had lost. He stood over and watched the Arabs, who were making a sort of hurdle for the purpose of carrying away the dying man; for his breast was torn open, and one of his groins dreadfully mangled. The affectionate beast refused to eat, even after the man was conveyed out of sight. I placed the bamboo ladder against him, and Zela mounted to the howdah: he curled his trunk round, and on recognising who it was, resumed his former position, and continued to make low moans, as of anguish.

I must remark that the man for whom the elephant was mourning had long been his provider; and since the death of the mahout who was killed by the chieftain, had himself become mahout. The elephant did not seem at all concerned at the death of the Tiroon⁵, doubtless owing to his having been a bad and cruel master; for certainly these animals not only have reason, but are more rational than those they serve. In gratitude to his having saved Zela's and my life, I would, had it been possible, have kept, loved, and cherished him. When we parted from him, Zela kissed him, wept, and

cut off some of the strong bristly hair near his ears, which I have ever worn, hooped round a ring, engraven with his name.

—EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

A PERILOUS DESCENT

HERMAN MELVILLE

1819—1891

Herman Melville, best known for his fanciful whaling story, *Moby Dick or The Whale*, is an author in whom of late there has been a marked revival of interest after some years of neglect. Like Trelawny he has generally a tale of personal adventure to tell, for even *Moby Dick*, which does not pretend to be anything other than fiction, is permeated with his own experiences and observation as seaman on a whaler. The early death of Melville's father, a New York merchant, put a quick close to his schooling. In 1837 at the age of eighteen he shipped as cabin-boy to Liverpool, and four years later in 1841, after a brief career as schoolmaster, he sailed on a whaling voyage in the *Acushnet* into the Pacific. Upon the experiences of this voyage most of his work is founded.

Typee, 1841, from which this selection has been made, purports, with its sequel, *Omoo*, 1847, to be the record of the voyage. The captain of the ship treated the crew with extreme cruelty, and Melville and a companion, whom he calls Toby, deserted at Nukuheva in the Marquesas and made their way into the valley of Typee, where they were captured by cannibals and kept prisoners without hardship for four months. Rescued by an Australian vessel, Melville then visited Tahiti and other islands of the Society group. After taking part in a mutiny he once more changed ships, setting out now for Honolulu. After a short stay in Hawaii he returned to Boston via the Horn on October 1844; and his actual sea-faring was over, although he travelled extensively in America lecturing on the South seas, and visited Europe and Palestine. In 1866 he was appointed to a place in the New York Customs, in

which capacity he served for about twenty years, living a life of almost complete seclusion. In the year 1891 he died.

Typee was at first accepted as an entirely veracious account, but it is clear now that it is a very skilful blending of romance and reality—so skilful that it is impossible to say where one begins and the other ends. Melville makes of *Typee* a land of languorous delight with its fragrant and colourful landscape, its care-free life, and its beautiful island maids, especially the fair Fayaway with whom he falls in love. She reminds one of Trelawny's Zela or of Rima of Hudson's *Green Mansions*.

The passage selected is exciting in the extreme, and presents besides a picture of forest scenery with that profusion of detail which characterises Melville at his best.

The fearless confidence of Toby was contagious, and I began to adopt the Happar side¹ of the question. I could not, however, overcome a certain feeling of trepidation, as we made our way along these gloomy solitudes. Our progress, at first comparatively easy, became more and more difficult. The bed of the water-course was covered with fragments of broken rocks, which had fallen from above, offering so many obstructions to the course of the rapid stream, which vexed and fretted about them,—forming at intervals small waterfalls, pouring over into deep basins, or splashing wildly upon heaps of stones.

From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its sur-

face, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarce light enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling among flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the unpitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies. Belzoni², worming himself through the subterranean passages of the Egyptian catacombs, could not have met with greater impediments than those we here encountered. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing.

Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparations for passing the night. Here we constructed a hut, in much the same way as before, and crawling into it, endeavoured to forget our sufferings. My companion, I believe, slept pretty soundly, but at daybreak, when we rolled out of our dwelling, I felt nearly disqualified for any further efforts. Toby prescribed as

a remedy for my illness the contents of one of our little silk packages, to be taken at once in a single dose. To this species of medical treatment, however, I would by no means accede, much as he insisted upon it; and so we partook of our usual morsel, and silently resumed our journey. It was now the fourth day since we left Nukuheva, and the gnawings of hunger became painfully acute. We were fain to pacify them by chewing the tender bark of roots and twigs, which, if they did not afford us nourishment, were at least sweet and pleasant to the taste.

Our progress along the steep watercourse was necessarily slow, and by noon we had not advanced more than a mile. It was somewhere near this part of the day that the noise of falling waters, which we had faintly caught in the early morning, became more distinct; and it was not long before we were arrested by a rocky precipice of nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it.

"What's to be done now, Toby?" said I.

"Why," rejoined he, "as we cannot retreat, I suppose we must keep shoving along."

"Very true, my dear Toby; but how do you pur-

pose accomplishing that desirable object?"

"By jumping from the top of the fall, if there be no other way," unhesitatingly replied my companion; "it will be much the quickest way of descent; but as you are not quite as active as I am, we will try some other way."

And so saying, he crept cautiously along and peered over into the abyss, while I remained wondering by what possible means we could overcome this apparently insuperable obstruction. As soon as my companion had completed his survey, I eagerly inquired the result.

"The result of my observations you wish to know, do you?" began Toby, deliberately, with one of his odd looks: "well, my lad, the result of my observations is very quickly imparted. It is at present uncertain which of our two necks will have the honour to be broken first; but about a hundred to one would be a fair bet in favour of the man who takes the first jump."

"Then it is an impossible thing, is it?" inquired I, gloomily.

"No, shipmate; on the contrary, it is the easiest thing in life: the only awkward point is the sort of usage which our unhappy limbs may receive when we arrive at the bottom, and what sort of travelling trim we shall be in afterwards. But follow me now, and I will show you the only chance we have."

With this he conducted me to the verge of the

cataract and pointed along the side of the ravine to a number of curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly from it, and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were mossgrown and decayed, with their extremities snapped short off, and those in the immediate vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture.

Toby's scheme, and it was a desperate one, was to entrust ourselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and by slipping down from one to another to gain the bottom.

"Are you ready to venture it?" asked Toby, looking at me earnestly, but without saying a word as to the practicability of the plan.

"I am," was my reply; for I saw it was our only resource if we wished to advance, and as for retreating all thoughts of that sort had been long abandoned.

After I had signified my assent, Toby, without uttering a single word, crawled along the dripping ledge until he gained a point from whence he could just reach one of the largest of the pendent roots; he shook it—it quivered in his grasp, and when he let it go, it twanged in the air like a strong wire sharply struck. Satisfied by

his scrutiny, my light-limbed companion swung himself nimbly upon it, and twisting his legs round it in sailor fashion, slipped down eight or ten feet, where his weight gave it a motion not unlike that of a pendulum. He could not venture to descend any farther; so holding on with one hand, he with the other shook one by one all the slender roots around him and at last, finding one which he thought trustworthy, shifted himself to it and continued his downward progress.

So far so well; but I could not avoid comparing my heavier frame and disabled condition with his light figure and remarkable activity; but there was no help for it, and in less than a minute's time I was swinging directly over his head. As soon as his upturned eyes caught a glimpse of me, he exclaimed in his usual dry tone, for the danger did not seem to daunt him in the least, "Mate, do me the kindness not to fall until I get out of your way;" and then swinging himself more on one side, he continued his descent. In the meantime, I cautiously transferred myself from the limb down which I had been slipping to a couple of others that were near it, deeming two strings to my bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before I trusted my weight to them.

On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots which were round me, to my consternation they snapped off

one after another like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath.

As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches on which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swang to and fro in the air and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me; but in vain; I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it, until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root caught desperately at it and transferred myself to it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way.

My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.

"Pretty well done," shouted Toby underneath me; you are nimbler than I thought you to be—hopping about up there from root to root like any young squirrel. As soon as you have diverted yourself sufficiently, I

would advise you to proceed."

"Ay, ay, Toby, all in good time: two or three more such famous roots as this, and I shall be with you."

The residue of my downward progress was comparatively easy; the roots were in greater abundance, and in one or two places jutting out points of rock assisted me greatly. In a few moments I was standing by the side of my companion.

Substituting a stout stick for the one I had thrown aside at the top of the precipice, we now continued our course along the bed of the ravine. Soon we were saluted by a sound in advance, that grew by degrees louder and louder, as the noise of the cataract we were leaving behind gradually died on our ears.

"Another precipice for us, Toby."

"Very good; we can descend them, you know—come on."

Nothing indeed appeared to depress or intimidate this intrepid fellow. Typees or Niagaras, he was as ready to engage one as the other, and I could not avoid a thousand times congratulating myself upon having such a companion in an enterprise like the present.

After an hour's painful progress, we reached the verge of another fall, still loftier than the preceding, and flanked both above and below with the same steep masses of rock, presenting, however, here and there narrow irregular ledges, supporting a shallow soil, on which

grew a variety of bushes and trees, whose bright verdure contrasted beautifully with the foamy waters that flowed between them.

Toby, who invariably acted as pioneer, now proceeded to reconnoitre. On his return, he reported that the shelves of rock on our right would enable us to gain with little risk the bottom of the cataract. Accordingly, leaving the bed of the stream at the very point where it thundered down, we began crawling along one of these sloping ledges until it carried us to within a few feet of another that inclined downward at a still sharper angle, and upon which, by assisting each other, we managed to alight in safety. We warily crept along this, steadying ourselves by the naked roots of the shrubs that clung to every fissure. As we proceeded, the narrow path became still more contracted, rendering it difficult for us to maintain our footing, until suddenly, as we reached an angle of the wall of rock where we had expected it to widen, we perceived to our consternation that a yard or two farther on it abruptly terminated at a place we could not possibly hope to pass.

Toby, as usual, led the van, and in silence I waited to learn from him how he proposed to extricate us from this new difficulty.

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed, after the expiration of several minutes, during which time my companion had not uttered a word: "what's to be done now?"

He replied in a tranquil tone that probably the best thing we could do in the present strait was to get out of it as soon as possible.

"Yes, my dear Toby, but tell me *how* we are to get out of it."

"Something in this sort of style," he replied; and at the same moment, to my horror, he slipped sideways off the rock, and, as I then thought, by good fortune merely, alighted among the spreading branches of a species of palm tree, that shooting its hardy roots along a ledge below, curved its trunk upwards into the air, and presented a thick mass of foliage about twenty feet below the spot where we had thus suddenly been brought to a stand-still. I involuntarily held my breath, expecting to see the form of my companion, after being sustained for a moment by the branches of the tree, sink through their frail support, and fall headlong to the bottom. To my surprise and joy, however, he recovered himself, and disentangling his limbs from the fractured branches, he peered out from his leafy bed, and shouted lustily, "Come on, my hearty, there is no other alternative!" and with this he ducked beneath the foliage, and slipping down the trunk, stood in a moment at least fifty feet beneath me, upon the broad shelf of rock from which sprung the tree he had descended. ✓

What would I not have given at that moment to have been by his side? The feat he had just accom-

plished seemed little less than miraculous, and I could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I saw the wide distance that a single daring act had so suddenly placed between us.

Toby's animating "come on!" again sounded in my ears, and dreading to lose all confidence in myself if I remained meditating upon the step, I once more gazed down to assure myself of the relative bearing of the tree and my own position, and then closing my eyes and uttering one comprehensive ejaculation of prayer, I inclined myself over towards the abyss, and after one breathless instant fell with a crash into the tree, the branches snapping and crackling with my weight, as I sunk lower and lower among them, until I was stopped by coming in contact with a sturdy limb.

In a few moments I was standing at the foot of the tree, manipulating myself all over with a view of ascertaining the extent of the injuries I had received. To my surprise the only effects of my feat were a few slight contusions too trifling to care about. The rest of our descent was easily accomplished, and in half an hour after regaining the ravine, we had partaken of our evening morsel, built our hut as usual, and crawled under its shelter.

The next morning, in spite of our debility and the agony of hunger under which we were now suffering, though neither of us confessed to the fact, we struggled

along our dismal and still difficult and dangerous path, cheered by the hope of soon catching a glimpse of the valley before us, and towards evening the voice of a cataract which had for some time sounded like a low deep bass to the music of the smaller waterfalls, broke upon our ears in still louder tones, and assured us that we were approaching its vicinity.

That evening we stood on the brink of a precipice, over which the dark stream bounded in one final leap of full 300 feet. The sheer descent terminated in the region we so long had sought. On either side of the fall, two lofty and perpendicular bluffs buttressed the sides of the enormous cliff, and projected into the sea of verdure with which the valley waved, and a range of similar projecting eminences stood disposed in a half circle about the head of the vale. A thick canopy of trees hung over the very verge of the fall, leaving an arched aperture for the passage of the waters, which imparted a strange picturesqueness to the scene.

The valley was now before us; but instead of being conducted into its smiling bosom by the gradual descent of the deep watercourse we had thus far pursued, all our labours now appeared to have been rendered futile by its abrupt termination. But, bitterly disappointed, we did not entirely despair.

As it was now near sunset we determined to pass the night where we were, and on the morrow, refreshed by

sleep, and by eating at one meal all our stock of food, to accomplish a descent into the valley, or perish in the attempt.

We laid ourselves down that night on a spot, the recollection of which still makes me shudder. A small table of rock which projected over the precipice on one side of the stream, and was drenched by the spray of the fall, sustained a huge trunk of a tree which must have been deposited there by some heavy freshet. It lay obliquely, with one end resting on the rock and the other supported by the side of the ravine. Against it we placed in a sloping direction a number of the half-decayed boughs that were strewn about, and covering the whole with twigs and leaves, awaited the morning's light beneath such shelter as it afforded.

During the whole of this night the continual roaring of the cataract—the dismal moaning of the gale through the trees—the pattering of the rain, and the profound darkness, affected my spirits to a degree which nothing had ever before produced. Wet, half-famished, and chilled to the heart with the dampness of the place and nearly wild with the pain I endured, I fairly cowered down to the earth under this multiplication of hardships, and abandoned myself to frightful anticipations of evil; and my companion, whose spirit at last was a good deal broken, scarcely uttered a word during the whole night.

At length the day dawned upon us, and rising from our miserable pallet, we stretched our stiffened joints, and after eating all that remained of our bread, repaired for the last stage of our journey.

I will not recount every hairbreadth escape, and every fearful difficulty that occurred before we succeeded in reaching the bosom of the valley. As I have already described similar scenes, it will be sufficient to say that at length, after great toil and great dangers, we both stood with no limbs broken at the head of that magnificent vale which five days before had so suddenly burst upon my sight, and almost beneath the shadow of those very cliffs from whose summits we had gazed upon the prospect.

—HERMAN MELVILLE.

FOG—AND THE CHISHIMA

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

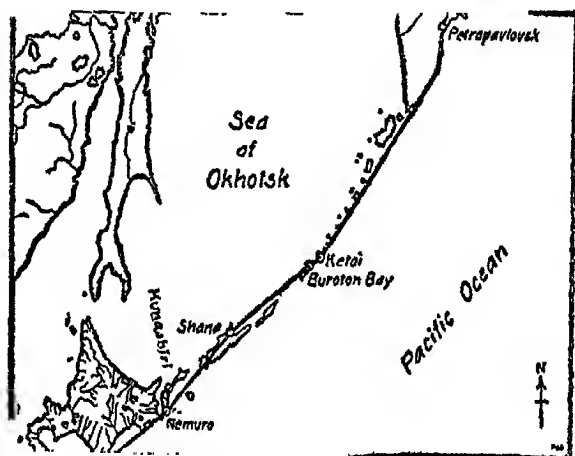
1907

When Anne Spencer Morrow, daughter of Dwight Morrow, who had been United States Ambassador to Mexico, married Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh on May 27th, 1929, she became the wife of the most famous airman in the world,—the flyer who on May 20th-21st, 1927, in his *Spirit of St. Louis* crossed alone from New York to Paris, and became overnight the heroic idol of young America. Since their marriage she has accompanied him on all his longer flights, and together they have won the admiration of all the world. Their recent visit to India gives a timely interest to this selection from Anne Lindbergh's *North to the Orient*

North to the Orient, 1935, is the writer's account of the flight of 40,000 miles over five continents, which, as co-pilot and radio-operator, she made with her husband in 1934, and for which she was awarded, as the first woman to receive that high honour, the Hubbard Gold Medal of the National Geographic Society of the U S A. Not only is the story, one of daring and of unusual experience, but it is told in a style of singular beauty. Anne Lindbergh has written verse as well as prose, and this selection shows a poet's sensibility, imagination, and understanding of the values of words. Modern in language and treatment, there is at the same time no question of its merit as a piece of literature alone. *North to the Orient*, when published, made a great impression on both literary critics and the reading-public, and gives promise of still better things to come.

“Wel - come—to—Japan—welcome—Colonel—

Lindbergh—"I was taking down my first message from Joc, the Japanese radio station at Nemuro which had followed us painstakingly down the Siberian coast and which was to guide us to Tokyo. Technically, we were



in Japan, then, following the Chishima, that chain of islands which links the Kamchatka Peninsula to Hokkaido. This must be Buroton Bay (I consulted a chart), this little harbour here, cupped in a green volcano. It looked like a miniature "Japanese garden"—the toy house with grass-covered roof set by the side of the bay, a minute flat-bottomed boat gingerly floating in the water. Typical, I thought. And those volcanic peaks—they were typical too—rising sharply from the sea, with bits of fog clinging to their sides. Every Japanese print,

I remembered, had a fog-draped volcano in the background.

The notes buzzed ahead in my ears, "Wel-come—Colonel—Lindbergh—to Japan!" How typical, also, to have our first message from Japan one of pure grace, not utilitarian in any sense, merely a bow of welcome before we got down to the business of position and weather. They were as interested as we in the business of position and weather, but the bow came first—the eternal gentleman!

The weather was important. For some time we had noticed a long low fog bank to the east. Far out to sea, like a second horizon, this even white line stretched ahead, paralleling our course. It did not seem at first to be approaching, but rather, keeping step with us cautiously, to be warning us off, marking a boundary we must not overstep. Gradually, however, it pushed us back more and more to a course directly over the islands instead of the one originally prescribed, fifteen miles east of these "fortified areas!"

Looking ahead now I could see that the line of fog and the line of the islands were converging. Like a long wave on a shoal, the clouds of mist seemed to break over the barrier of these volcanic peaks. Was it an accidental infringement, I wondered, like that unusually high wave on a rocky beach, which oversteps the water-line and wets the stones under your feet? Or was it

actually a turn in the tide? Would our stepping-stones be entirely covered? I looked down on the fairylike peaks, pushing their heads up through the mist, floating on mist now, like a child's dessert². Every now and then we could see through a hole in the clouds a rocky beach or a strip of harebell-blue water gleam and vanish. A melting, shimmering, unreal world, too beautiful to be menacing

"Pse (Please)—send—wea (weather)—speed—posn (position)" ticked my next message from Joc. I would have to be practical. But I did not know where we were. "Flying—through—fog," I tapped back "Will—send—posn—in—minute." There was nothing accidental or slight about those clouds. They stretched on and on, now, an even sea ahead of us. They were still rather low; we could go above them—if there were good weather to go to. But the sky beyond was grey. What did that mean, more fog—or storm?

"Is—it—clear—at—Nemuro?—What—ceiling—and—visibility—pse? We reached out for word of good weather, ahead, like a helping hand to pull us across that chasm of bad weather below. How far down did the peaks descend? Could they be judged like icebergs? Was there twice as much—three times as much—below the surface? The fog would never give us an answer, I knew that. Too often before I had watched it like frozen foam on the sides of mountains. Smiling, still

and bright, it never gave one an inkling of what was hidden below. I felt fear creeping imperceptibly over me, as cold does at night when, half-asleep, one refuses to recognize it. "No—I am not cold," one says "I don't need to reach down and pull up that other blanket—*something* is wrong, but I'm not *cold*." So I fought off recognition of fear and only thought, "It was a lovely day when we started . ." "The sun is shining up above the clouds. . ." "Nemuro says it is clear there. . ." It's still open behind us—isn't it?" But before I had time to look, my husband pushed back a message to me, "Fog on sea extends upward several thousand feet—storm clouds ahead—we are turning back and will land at first opportunity—now over south-west end Shimushiru To "

I started relaying to Nemuro, "Fog—on—sea" (smiling, still and bright)³—"storm—clouds—ahead" (that dark curtain shut right down to the south)—"we—are—turning—back" (the great wing wheeled below me in the clouds)—"will—land—" (It was just as dark behind us! We *never* came through that. It had shut in on us!)—"at—first—opportunity" (one green peak pushed its head above the fog)

"Are—you—turning—back—to—land?" came the answer quickly. "Most—advisable—Buroton—Bay." Buroton Bay—that miniature Japanese-garden harbour that we had passed when it was clear. Now it would be

closed in by fog. We could never find it again. How safe it had looked half an hour ago, the hut set down neatly by the water's edge, the boat calmly poised in the water. We were in another world now, separated from that idyllic one by an impenetrable layer of fog. It was still there, though. That man in the radio station at Nemuro had found it on the map. It was comforting to feel that he could find it even if we could not. He knew where we were, too, and where we should go. Like an omniscient god, "There," he said, his finger on the map, "Buroton Bay—land there." If only he could place us there as in a giant chess game.

My husband pushed back the cockpit cover, put on his helmet and goggles, heightened the seat for better visibility, and leaned forward to look out. Here we are again, I thought, recognizing by his familiar buckling-on-of-armour that the fight had begun.

Here we are again. We seem to be always here, I thought, fear opening for me a long corridor of similar times and making them all one long fight with fog. There was the time over the Alleghenies⁴ in the *Falcon*: slicing over the tops of those pine trees, now on one wing, now on another. Then we found the river down below the mist cutting a gully through the mountains. We followed it and came out to safety. But then with a *Falcon* it wasn't so dangerous—not so fast. The *Sirius*⁵ now—(He was headed for that peak in the clouds, How

did he know there was not a lower peak—a shoal, just covered by this high tide of fog—that might trip us up as we skimmed across the surface?) Then, there had been that time over the pass of the San Bernardino Mountains⁶. "Ceiling, very low," read the weather report. "What does 'very low' mean?" my husband had asked. "Two or three hundred feet?"

"It means nothing at all," laughed the weather man. "You'd better stay here."

"Oh, we'll go see what it looks like—may come back—may find a hole." And up we had climbed until we were face to face with those giants, snow-streaked, and the bright fog sitting on their shoulders. But that time, too, finally we struck a stream and followed it—a beautiful stream with fields to land in and green orchards and houses. It carried us along and spilled us out into the broad valley of San Bernardino. I had it like a ribbon in my hand all through the fog. I held on to it and it led us out.

Here there was nothing to hold on to—nothing, unless it were the sky. The sun still shone. My husband motioned me to reel in the antenna. Emergency landing, that meant. I buckled my belt tighter. We were circling the giant's head now, getting impudently nearer and nearer. Down, down, we were gliding down now, the engine throttled, wisps of fog temporarily blinding us as we descended. I was losing the sky. I did

not want to let go until I could grasp something below. Down the sides of the mountain one could see a strip of water gleaming, harebell-blue. We were diving toward it. Down, down—the sky was gone. The sea! Hold on to the sea—that little patch of blue. Oh, the sea was gone too. We were blind—and still going down—oh God!—we'll hit the mountain! A wave of fear like terrific pain swept over me, shrivelling to blackened ashes the meaningless words "courage"—"pride"—"control." Then a lurch, the engine roared on again, and a sickening roller-coaster⁷ up. Up, up, up. I felt myself gasping to get up, like a drowning man. There—the sky was blue above—the sky and the sun! Courage flowed back in my veins, a warm, pounding stream. Thank God, there is the sky. Hold on it with both hands. Let it pull you up. Oh, let us stay here, I thought, up in this clear bright world of reality, where we can see the sky and feel the sun. Let's never go down.

He is trying it again, like a knife going down the side of a pie tin, fog and mountain. Will he say afterward, "It was nothing at all"? (if there is an "afterward"). That time in the Alleghenies he turned around, when we struck the river, and smiled at me. It was so reassuring. If only he would do it now. But his face was set. I could see it out of the side of the cockpit—his lips tight-closed. The force of the wind blowing against them made them look thin and fearful

like a man gritting his teeth in his last fight. Were we there, then, at the last fight? I had never seen him look like that. The wind flattened his face, made the flesh flabby, the brows prominent—like a skeleton..

Down again—and the terror. Up again—and the return of courage and shame. Think of the radio operators sticking to their posts through fire and flood. If only I could send messages, it would help. Think of the airmail pilots, doing this every night. Think of the war pilots to whom weather was the smallest of their worries. At least weather was impersonal: it had no axe to grind. Think of that old lady in the early days of flying who took her first transcontinental trip fearlessly—how calmly she said, "To-night I will be in Clovis—or Heaven." Why not accept it philosophically, like that, "Buroton Bay or Heaven," and not struggle through all the intervening stages of fear? But Buroton Bay did not sound like safety to me. It sounded like one of those quiet unmarked places which, because of an accident, suddenly become steeped with tragedy: "Crashed—south side Buroton Bay." "Buroton Bay"—the name rings crimson like the name of an old battlefield.

Why try Buroton Bay anyway? Why not go somewhere else—anywhere else? Oh, I realized suddenly, that was what he was doing. The giant was floating behind us in the mist now, getting dimmer and

dimmer as new veils of mist separated us. Ahead, I could see nothing—but above, the blue sky and the sun. “The sun is shining free of charge,” jingled in my mind flippantly. I felt quite gay. After all, we weren’t killed. We’re still here in this blue sky—and “the sun is shining free of charge.” Oh, Lord—here was another mountain peak! Was he going to try it again? Hadn’t he learned *anything*? Did he think I really enjoyed this game of tobogganing down volcanoes?—I thought in a kind of bravado anger. Really it was too much—I would never fly again. The sun began to melt away as we spiralled down. It became a thin watery disc in the mist. “Never fly again,” echoed in my ears maliciously. No—never fly again—I had said it myself and shivered to think how true it might be. Down, down, into the darkness. We had never been down this far before. That long green slope at the foot of the volcano—could we make a forced landing there? Bushes and rocks—but still the pontoons would take up the shock. It would be wonderful to be down—even there. No—we were going too fast, skimming over the bushes and straight down the slope. For there, over a sharp cliff of fifty feet, under a layer of mist, lay the water. There it was, shifting, changing, hiding tantalizingly below us. That was what we wanted. If we could only lay our hands on it before it disappeared—like the stone one dives for in the bottom of a pool. Could we reach

it or would we have to fight our way up again? We dropped off the cliff. We were over the water. Spank, spank, spank—the ship is breaking under us! I am falling through. No—the seat has bounced down, that's all. It must be rough water. We're slowing up now. We're all right—we're down!

My husband turned around for the first time and looked at me. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I stammered. "I'm so happy to be down."

He laughed. "We weren't in much danger. We could have gone back; but I was trying to get into Buroton Bay. I don't like to anchor in open water—going to try to find a more sheltered spot."

I pushed the cockpit cover all the way open and looked out. The idling motor whined, a peculiarly desolate and lonely sound, like the wind around a house at night. I could hear the waves crashing against the shore. There was nothing to see except fog. How did we ever get down!

We began to taxi⁸ slowly, creeping in toward the island. I could make out the shore-line now—a rocky coast, the dark mass of a hill behind rising up—how far into the mist? For we were under that sea of fog now, irrevocably separated from the sky above. And this submarine world was as strange and confusing as the world above. Where were we? Where were we

going? Was that really the shore-line? The fog blowing in would blot it out altogether at times, and we had to keep near to see it. As we drew closer, the crashing waves on the rocks warned us off. What was this conspiracy against us? The big sea-swell bobbed our ship up and down. And what was this dark stuff we were ploughing through? Seaweed—pushing up over the floats, twining around the rudders, forcing them up until they banged back, protesting. Here and there across the water I could see great coils of seaweed rising from the surface like some strange sea monster. This was an enchanted place—a Sargasso Sea. What unearthly creatures might not be on that island. I strained my eyes to see. Were those rounded huts? We drew nearer. No, only boulders. The sea crashed against the shore; the engine whined on and on. What time was it? We had been an hour out of communication. I began to think of home. Would there be crash rumours out? What was my last message? “Will land at first opportunity.” What would the Japanese say to our landing? Bang, bang! The rudders went up over the seaweed. How slowly we were going. There was no sign of life—only the roar of that wash on the shore and the whine of the motor.

Finally we reached the lee side of the island, cut the engine, and threw down our anchor. Now for Joc. We strung the antenna out along the wing and called,

"Joc—Joc—" Oh, there he was, "KHCAL—QRK
(I can hear you well; your signals are good)—GA (go
ahead)—"

"Forced — down — by — fog," I started.
"Unable — to — land — at — Buroton —
Bay — due — to — fog — anchored — in —
open — ocean — 200 — metres — off —
south — east — shore — Ketoi — Island — visi-
bility — on — water — 300 — metres — is —
stormy — weather — expected — to-night?" As I
stopped sending, I could hear him rattling off to an-
other station news of our safe arrival.

"OK—OK," came back the answer. "Here—is
— not — stormy — weather — expected." Ty-
pical, I thought, smiling at the inverted phrase—not
stopping to consider that had they sent in Japanese, I
would have understood nothing. "Here—is—calm
— what — time — you — landed — pse?"
(How good to get that word. I felt relieved.)

"Landed — 07 45 — GMT (Greenwich mean
time)," I answered. "Will — proceed — to —
Nemuro — in — morning — if — clear —
otherwise — Buroton — Bay — will — call —
u (you) — in — morning — thank — u."

"We — arranged — Shinshiru — Maru (how
could they have arranged anything so quickly, I marvell-
ed, as I took down the next message)—to — come

— Buroton — Bay — in — one — or — two — hours.”

I handed this forward to my husband. How nice, I thought. I didn't know what Shinshiru Maru⁹ was, but it was something “to assist us” and that sounded encouraging. However, he dictated the answer.

“Thank — you — greatly — appreciate — consideration (just like one of his typewritten notes; I would recognize that anywhere) — however — unless — emergency — arises — will — not — require — assistance. (How very male, I thought, regretfully, now I will never know who Shinshiru Maru is) “Will — call — u — in — ten — hours — if — ok — with — u.”

“ok,” came back the answer. Well, that was all settled then. We were down; safe; anchored. We had communicated with Joc. We could now settle down for the night. The wind whined around us and fog curled over the wings. Water sucked gently under the pontoons. Warm and dry under the curved dome of our fuselage, we would be quickly rocked to sleep. What was that? Something else? He was still sending? I jotted down the letters, “We — welcome — eagerly — you — here — to-morrow — good — evening — remember — me — to — Colonel — Lindbergh.” The eternal gentleman!

—ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH.

III
CHAPTERS IN GREAT LIVES

DRAKE SAILS AROUND THE WORLD

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

1818—1894

While Sir Francis Drake, the most famous of Queen Elizabeth's great seamen, performed many astounding feats in the course of his eventful life, his circumnavigation of the globe in 1577-1580 was probably his greatest achievement. Froude in his *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century* has told the story of this voyage with all the liveliness, colour, and pictorial skill of which he was such a master. Quite unforgettable are certain dramatic scenes in the narrative, as, for example, the spectacle at Port St Julian of the skeleton hanging "on a gallows, the bones picked clean by the vultures .. one of Magellan's crew who had been executed there for mutiny fifty years before," or the scene of the muleteers at Tarapaca, surprised while "sleeping peacefully in the sunshine" beside the silver bars piled on the quay, which they had brought with so much labour from the Andes mines. Or again, the tale of the capture of the treasure-laden *Cacafuego*, or the *Pelican's* watering at Guatalco while the *alcaldes* suspended the administration of justice. To Froude History is always intensely dramatic and his long *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada* is a series of vivid pictures, amongst which that of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, is surely the best remembered. Like Macaulay, Froude made history a pageant, and Guedalla, who is also represented in this volume, has a similar keen sense of dramatic values.

It must be noted, however, that as a historian Froude is far too prejudiced to be very reliable; for in his advocacy of the

Reformation, he is consistently unfair to Catholicism and Catholics. Like Carlyle, who influenced him greatly, he admires strength and strong men; and, so in the case of Drake's piracy justifies brigandage when it is done in what he deems the right cause and by a great man of action. Still, while we may not agree with him in all his judgments, we cannot but admire the living portraits which he draws of his heroes and the life-likeness of the scenes which he depicts.

Sir Francis Drake, 1545-1595, was born at Tavistock in Devonshire. Educated by his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins, he took to the sea early in life, and at twenty-two years of age was captain of the *Judith*. He took part under Hawkins in the ill-starred expedition which met with disaster at the hands of the Spaniards at San Juan de Ulloa. Returning home, ruined in fortune, he was filled all his life with an insatiable hatred of Spain. To avenge and recoup himself, he went out to the Spanish Main under a commission from Elizabeth in 1570, and plundered Nombre de Dios. Crossing the isthmus of Panama, he got his first view of the Pacific Ocean from the top of a tree, and resolved "to sail an English ship in those seas." His voyage around the world followed. On his return he was knighted by the Queen for his feat. In 1585 he burned the Spanish fleet in Cadiz Bay, afterwards speaking of his exploit as "singeing the King of Spain's beard." As vice-admiral he was one of the leaders under Lord Howard of Effingham against the Armada. He died on his ship near Nombre de Dios, while on a privateering expedition with Sir John Hawkins in January 1595.

On November 15, 1577, the *Pelican*¹ and her consort sailed out of Plymouth Sound. The elements frowned on their start. On the second day they were caught in a winter gale. The *Pelican* sprung her mainmast, and they put back to refit and repair. But

Drake defied auguries. Before the middle of December all was again in order. The weather mended, and with a fair wind and a smooth water they made a fast run across the Bay of Biscay and down the coast to the Cape de Verde Islands. There taking up the north-east trades, they struck across the Atlantic, crossed the line, and made the South American continent in latitude 33° South. They passed the mouth of the Plate River, finding to their astonishment fresh water at the ship's side in fifty-four fathoms. All seemed so far going well, when one morning Mr. Doughty's² sloop was missing, and he along with her. Drake, it seemed, had already reason to distrust Doughty, and guessed the direction in which he had gone. The *Marigold*³ was sent in pursuit, and he was overtaken and brought back. To prevent a repetition of such a performance, Drake took the sloop's stores out of her, burnt her, distributed the crew through the other vessels, and took Mr. Doughty under his own charge. On June 20 they reached Port St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia. They had been long on the way, and the southern winter had come round, and they had to delay further to make more particular inquiry into Doughty's desertion. An ominous and strange spectacle met their eyes as they entered the harbour. In that utterly desolate spot a skeleton was hanging on a gallows, the bones picked clean by the vultures. It was one of Magellan's⁴ crew who had

been executed there for mutiny fifty years before. The same fate was to befall the unhappy Englishman who had been guilty of the same fault. Without the strictest discipline it was impossible for the enterprise to succeed and Doughty had been guilty of worse than disobedience. We are told briefly that his conduct was found tending to contention, and threatening the success of the voyage. Part he was said to have confessed; part was proved against him—one knows not what. A court was formed out of the crew. He was tried, as near as circumstances allowed, according to English usage. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to die. He made no complaint, or none of which a record is preserved. He asked for the Sacrament,⁵ which was of course allowed, and Drake himself communicated with him. They then kissed each other, and the unlucky wretch took leave of his comrades, laid his head on the block, and so ended. His offence can be only guessed; but the suspicious curiosity about his fate which was shown afterwards by Mendoza⁶ makes it likely that he was in Spanish pay. The ambassador cross-questioned Captain Winter very particularly about him, and we learn one remarkable fact from Mendoza's letters not mentioned by any English writer, that Drake was himself the executioner, choosing to bear the entire responsibility.

"This done," writes an eye-witness, "the general made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading

us to unity, obedience, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof willed every man the Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the Communion as Christian brothers and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverend sort and so with good contentment every man went about his business."

You must take this last incident into your conception of Drake's character, think of it how you please.

It was now mid-winter, the stormiest season of the year, and they remained for six weeks in Port St. Julian. They burnt the twelve-ton pinnace, as too small for the work they had now before them, and there remained only the *Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Marigold*. In cold wild weather they weighed at last, and on August 20 made the opening of Magellan's Straits. The passage is seventy miles long, tortuous and dangerous. They had no charts. The ship's boats led, taking soundings as they advanced. Icy mountains overhung them on either side; heavy snow fell below. They brought up occasionally at an island to rest the men, and let them kill a few seals and penguins to give them fresh food. Everything they saw was new, wild and wonderful.

Having to feel their way, they were three weeks in getting through. They had counted on reaching the Pacific that the worst of their work was over, and that they could run north at once into warmer and calmer latitudes. The peaceful ocean, when they entered it,

proved the stormiest they had ever sailed on. A fierce westerly gale drove them 600 miles to the south-east outside the Horn. It had been supposed, hitherto, that Tierra del Fuego was solid land to the South Pole, and that the Straits were the only communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific. They now learnt the true shape and character of the Western Continent. In the latitude of Cape Horn a westerly gale blows for ever round the globe; the waves the highest anywhere known. The *Marigold* went down in the tremendous encounter. Captain Winter, in the *Elizabeth*, made his way back into Magellan's Straits. There he lay for three weeks, lighting fires nightly to show Drake where he was, but no Drake appeared. They had agreed, if separated, to meet on the coast in the latitude of Valparaiso; but Winter was chicken-hearted, or else traitorous like Doughty, and sore, we are told, "against the mariners' will," when the three weeks were out, he sailed away for England, where he reported that all the ships were lost but the *Pelican*, and that the *Pelican* was probably lost too.

Drake had believed better of Winter, and had not expected to be so deserted. He had himself taken refuge among the islands which form the Cape, waiting for the spring and milder weather. He used the time in making surveys, and observing the habits of the native Patagonians, whom he found a tough race, going naked

amidst ice and snow. The days lengthened, and the sea smoothed at last. He then sailed for Valparaiso, hoping to meet Winter there, as he had arranged. At Valparaiso there was no Winter, but there was in the port instead a great galleon just come in from Peru. The galleon's crew took him for a Spaniard, hoisted their colours and beat their drums. The *Pelican* shot alongside. The English sailors in high spirits leapt on board. A Plymouth lad who could speak Spanish knocked down the first man he met with an "Abajo, perro!" "Down, you dog, down!" No life was taken; Drake never hurt man if he could help it. The crew crossed themselves, jumped overboard, and swam ashore. The prize was examined. Four hundred pounds' weight of gold was found in her, besides other plunder.

The galleon being disposed of, Drake and his men pulled ashore to look at the town. The people had all fled. In the church they found a chalice, two cruets, and an Altarcloth, which were made over to the chaplain to improve his Communion furniture. A few pipes of wine and a Greek pilot who knew the way to Lima completed the booty.

"Shocking piracy," you will perhaps say. But what Drake was doing would have been all right and good service had war been declared, and the essence of things does not alter with the form. In essence there *was* war, deadly war, between Philip and Elizabeth. Even later,

when the Armada sailed, there had been no formal declaration. The reality is the important part of the matter. It was but stroke for stroke, and the English arm proved the stronger.

Still hoping to find Winter in advance of him, Drake went on next to Tarapaca, where silver from the Andes mines was shipped for Panama. At Tarapaca there was the same unconsciousness of danger. The silver bars lay piled on the quay; the muleteers who had brought them were sleeping peacefully in the sunshine at their side. The muleteers were left to their slumbers. The bars were lifted into the English boats. A train of mules or llamas came in at the moment with a second load as rich as the first. This, too, went into the *Pelican's* hold. The bullion taken at Tarapaca was worth near half a million ducats.

Still there were no news of Winter. Drake began to realise that he was now entirely alone, and had only himself and his own crew to depend on. There was nothing to do but to go through with it, danger adding to the interest. Arica was the next point visited. Half a hundred blocks of silver were picked up at Arica. After Arica came Lima, the chief depôt of all, where the grandest haul was looked for. At Lima, alas! they were just too late. Twelve great hulks lay anchored there. The sails were unbent, the men were ashore. They contained nothing but some chests of reals and a

few bales of silk and linen. But a thirteenth, called the *Cacafuego*, had sailed a few days before for the isthmus, with the whole produce of the Lima mines for the season. Her ballast was silver, her cargo gold and emeralds and rubies.

Drake deliberately cut the cables of the ships in the Roads, that they might drive ashore and be unable to follow him. The *Pelican* spread her wings, every feather of them, and sped away in pursuit. He would know the *Cacafuego*, so he learnt at Lima, by the peculiar cut of her sails. The first man who caught sight of her was promised a gold chain for his reward. A sail was seen on the second day. It was not the chase, but it was worth stopping for. Eighty pounds' weight of gold was found, and a great gold crucifix, set with emeralds said to be as large as pigeon's eggs. They took the kernel. They left the shell Still on and on. We learn from the Spanish accounts that the Viceroy of Lima, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment, dispatched ships in pursuit. They came up with the last plundered vessel, heard terrible tales of the rovers' strength, and went back for a larger force. The *Pelican* meanwhile went along upon her course for 800 miles. At length, when in the latitude of Quito and close under the shore, the *Cacafuego's* peculiar sails were sighted, and the gold chain was claimed. There she was, freighted with the fruit of Aladdin's garden, going

lazily along a few miles ahead. Care was needed in approaching her. If she guessed the *Pelican's* character, she would run in upon the land and they would lose her. It was afternoon. The sun was still above the horizon, and Drake meant to wait till night, when the breeze would be off the shore, as in the tropics it always is.

The *Pelican* sailed two feet to the *Cacafuego's* one. Drake filled his empty wine-skins with water and trailed them astern to stop his way. The chase supposed that she was followed by some heavy-loaded trader, and wishing for company on a lonely voyage, she slackened sail and waited for him to come up. At length the sun went down into the ocean, the rosy light faded from off the snows of the Andes; and when both ships had become invisible from the shore, the skins were hauled in, the night wind rose, and the water began to ripple under the *Pelican's* bows. The *Cacafuego* was swiftly overtaken, and when within a cable's length a voice hailed her to put her head into the wind. The Spanish commander, not understanding so strange an order, held on his course. A broadside brought down his mainyard, and a flight of arrows rattled on his deck. He was himself wounded. In a few minutes he was a prisoner, and *Our Lady of the Conception* and her precious freight were in the corsair's power. The wreck was cut away; the ship was cleared; a prize crew was put on board. Both vessels turned their heads to the sea. At

daybreak no land was to be seen, and the examination of the prize began. The full value was never acknowledged. The invoice, if there was one, was destroyed. The accurate figures were known only to Drake and Queen Elizabeth. A published schedule acknowledged to twenty tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of silver coins, and a hundred-weight of gold, but there were gold nuggets besides in indefinite quantity, and "a great store" of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds. The Spanish Government proved a loss of a million and a half of ducats, excluding what belonged to private persons. The total capture was immeasurably greater.

Drake, we are told, was greatly satisfied. He thought it prudent to stay in the neighbourhood no longer than necessary. He went north with all sail set, taking his prize with him. The master, San Juan de Anton, was removed on board the *Pelican* to have his wound attended to. He remained as Drake's guest for a week, and sent in a report of what he observed to the Spanish Government. One at least of Drake's party spoke excellent Spanish. This person took San Juan over the ship. She showed signs, San Juan said, of rough service, but was still in fine condition, with ample arms, spare rope, mattocks, carpenters' tools of all descriptions. There were eighty-five men on board all told, fifty of them men-of-war, the rest young fellows, ship-boys and the like. Drake himself was treated with great rever-

ence; a sentinel always at his cabin door. He dined alone with music.

No mystery was made of the *Pelican's* exploits. The chaplain showed San Juan the crucifix set with emeralds, and asked him if he could seriously believe that to be God. San Juan asked Drake how he meant to go home. Drake showed him a globe with three courses traced on it. There was the way that he had come, there was the way by China and the Cape of Good Hope and there was a third way which he did not explain. San Juan asked if Spain and England were at war. Drake said he had a commission from the Queen. His captures were for her, not for himself. He added afterwards that the Viceroy of Mexico had robbed him and his kinsman⁷, and he was making good his losses.

Then, touching the point of the sore, he said, "I know the Viceroy will send for thee to inform himself of my proceedings. Tell him he shall do well to put no more Englishmen to death, and to spare those he has in his hands, for if he do execute them I will hang 2000 Spaniards and send him their heads."

After a week's detention San Juan and his men were restored to the empty *Cacafuego*, and allowed to go. On their way back they fell in with two cruisers sent in pursuit from Lima, reinforced by a third from Panama. They were now fully armed; they went in chase, and

according to their own account came up with the *Pelican*. But, like Lope de Vega⁸, they seemed to have been terrified at Drake as a sort of devil. They confessed that they dared not attack him, and again went back for more assistance. The Viceroy abused them as cowards, arrested the officers, dispatched others again with peremptory orders to seize Drake, even if he was the devil; but by that time their questionable visitor had flown. They found nothing, perhaps to their relief.

A dispatch went instantly across the Atlantic to Philip. One squadron was sent off from Cadiz to watch the Straits of Magellan, and another to patrol the Caribbean Sea. It was thought that Drake's third way was no seaway at all, that he meant to leave the *Pelican* at Darien, carry his plunder over the mountains, and build a ship at Honduras to take him home. His real idea was that he might hit off the passage to the north of which Frobisher⁹ and Davis¹⁰ thought they had found the eastern entrance. He stood on towards California, picking up an occasional straggler in the China trade, with silk, porcelain, gold, and emeralds. Fresh water was a necessity. He put in at Guatulco for it, and his proceedings were humorously prompt. The *alcaldes*¹¹ at Guatulco were in session trying a batch of negroes. An English boat's crew appeared in court, tied the *alcaldes* hand and foot, and carried them off to the *Pelican*, there to remain as hostages till the water-casks were

filled.

North again he fell in with a galleon carrying out a new Governor to the Philippines. The Governor was relieved of his boxes and his jewels, and then, says one of the party, "Our General, thinking himself in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also their contempt and indignities offered to our country and Prince, sufficiently satisfied and revenged, and supposing Her Majesty would rest contented with this service, began to consider the best way home." The first necessity was a complete overhaul of the ship. Before the days of copper sheathing weeds grew thick under water. Barnacles formed in clusters, stopping the speed, and sea-worms bored through the planking. Twenty thousand miles lay between the *Pelican* and Plymouth Sound, and Drake was not a man to run idle chances. Still holding his north course till he had left the farthest Spanish settlement far to the south, he put into Canoas Bay in California, laid the *Pelican* ashore, set up forge and workshop, and repaired and re-rigged her with a month's labour from stem to stern. With every rope new set up and new canvas on every yard, he started again on April 16, 1579, and continued up the coast to Oregon. The air grew cold though it was summer. The men felt it from having been so long in the tropics, and dropped out of health. There was still no sign of a passage. If passage there was, Drake perceived

that it must be of enormous length. Magellan's Straits, he guessed, would be watched for him, so he decided on the route by the Cape of Good Hope. In the Philippine ship he had found a chart of the Indian Archipelago. With the help of this and his own skill he hoped to find his way. He went down again to San Francisco, landed there, found the soil teeming with gold, made acquaintance with an Indian king who hated the Spaniards and wished to become an English subject. But Drake had no leisure to annex new territories. Avoiding the course from Mexico to the Philippines, he made a direct course to the Moluccas, and brought up again at the Island of Celebes. Here the *Pelican* was a second time docked and scraped. The crew had a month's rest among the fireflies and vampires of the tropical forest. Leaving Celebes, they entered on the most perilous part of the whole voyage. They wound their way among coral reefs and low islands scarcely visible above the water-line. In their chart the only outlet marked into the Indian Ocean was by the Straits of Malacca. But Drake guessed rightly that there must be some nearer opening, and felt his way looking for it along the coast of Java. In spite of all his care, he was once on the edge of destruction. One evening as night was closing in a grating sound was heard under the *Pelican's* keel. In another moment she was hard and fast on a reef. The breeze was light and the water smooth, or the world would have

heard no more of Francis Drake. She lay immovable till daybreak. At dawn the position was seen not to be entirely desperate. Drake himself showed all the qualities of a great commander. Cannon were thrown over and cargo that was not needed. In the afternoon, the wind changing, the lightened vessel lifted off the rocks and was saved. The hull was uninjured, thanks to the Californian repairs. All on board had behaved well with the one exception of Mr. Fletcher, the chaplain. Mr. Fletcher, instead of working like a man, had whined about Divine retribution for the execution of Doughty.

For the moment Drake passed it over. A few days after, they passed out through the Straits of Sunda, where they met the great ocean swell, Homer's μέγα κύμα θαλάσσης,¹² and they knew then that all was well.

There was now time to call Mr. Fletcher to account. It was no business of the chaplain to discourage and dispirit men in a moment of danger, and a court was formed to sit upon him. An English captain on his own deck represents the sovereign, and he is head of Church as well as State. Mr. Fletcher, was brought to the fore-castle, where Drake, sitting on a sea-chest with a pair of *pantoufles*¹³ in his hand, excommunicated him, pronounced him cut off from the Church of God, given over to the devil for the chastising of his flesh, and left him chained by the leg to a ring-bolt to repent of his

cowardice.

In the general good-humour punishment could not be of long duration. The next day the poor chaplain had his absolution, and returned to his berth and his duty. The *Pelican* met with no more adventures. Sweeping in fine clear weather round the Cape of Good Hope, she touched once for water at Sierra Leone, and finally sailed in triumph into Plymouth Harbour, where she had been long given up for lost, having traced the first furrow round the globe.

—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

WATERLOO

PHILIP GUEDALLA

1889

Philip Guedalla is one of the most brilliant of the modern school of biographers. Perhaps he has never been so successful as in his magnificent *The Duke*, a full-length portrait of Wellington, which can challenge comparison with any contemporary biography. While this selection is not taken from *The Duke*, it deals with the same hero and with his adversary, Napoleon. It is an excerpt from the short volume entitled *The Hundred Days*, 1934, which tells of Napoleon's brief return to imperial power after his escape from Elba and of the famous battle in which he was finally crushed.

The selection well illustrates Guedalla's characteristic qualities. The account of the battle is marked by rapid movement, and is rendered more vivid by the intensely dramatic glimpses which, during the course of the action, are given us of each of the leaders. The incident with which the narrative closes is an especially fine example of this, for one cannot soon forget the tragic picture of the Emperor, "his face wet with tears; and reeling with exhaustion," supported in his saddle by Flahault's faithful arm, riding dejectedly through the night to Charleroi. Blucher and Ney are also well drawn for us in just a line or two, and the bits of dialogue, which enter from time to time into the story, give it added vitality. Guedalla lays down as a guiding principle that every historian should strive to bring the dead back to life. "His (the historian's) business," he states, "is to write about dead men, but if he is to do his duty, he should remember that they were not always dead. For he is not concerned to embalm them, but to resurrect, to set them

moving, catch the tone of their voices, the tilt of their heads and the posture of the once living men "

Surely we must feel that this has been admirably done in such thumb-nail sketches as that of rough old Blucher, reeking of gin and rhubarb, and apologising for it as he clumsily embraces the abashed British *houson* officer and calls him *Lieber Freund*

Guedalla, while at Balliol College, Oxford, was President of the Oxford Union in 1911, and took a first class in Modern History in 1912. In 1923 he gave up the profession of Law to devote himself exclusively to writing and has been very productive since.

It was one o'clock on Sunday morning when the Emperor left his staff sleeping on the straw and walked up the gleaming *pave* towards La Belle Alliance². From the rising ground he looked towards the Allies. The night was dark, and it was still raining hard. There was no sound; but he could see the glimmer of their fires along the ridge and the dark mass of the forest, which lay between them and Brussels. They were still there, it seemed; and in the dawn he walked back to the little farm. He found a note from Grouchy³ indicating that, while the main body of the Prussians was in full retreat on Liège, some of them appeared to be falling back on Wavre with the intention of joining Wellington; but Grouchy added that he should take steps to head them off. This was encouraging; and as the sun came up, the Emperor tramped up and down his little room and kept looking out of the window. Would the rain never stop?

The Duke had surer news about the Prussians. For

a line from Blücher⁴, which came in about two o'clock, informed him that von Bülow's⁵ corps would march at dawn to take the French in flank and that the entire army would follow later. (The brave old man at Wavre, who had recovered from his shaking on a formidable brew of gin and rhubarb and remarked apologetically, '*Ich stinke etwas*'⁶ as he embraced a British *liaison* officer⁷ and called him '*Lieber Freund*',⁸ was soon informing him that he should be happy if he could combine with Wellington to beat the French). So the Duke sat writing in the night under the dripping eaves at Waterloo. The Prussians would be coming. But he could not be sure that they would come in time; and he wrote to warn the exiled royalties at Ghent that they had better leave for Antwerp, if the French got round his right by way of Hal. A second note conveyed a warning to the same effect to Lady Frances Webster. For he was haunted by the risk of a French turning-movement. But all his confidence appeared in a quiet note to the British Minister, assuring him that 'all will yet turn out well.' As he said to somebody that morning, 'Don't be uneasy; we are in a good position; we shall do very well.' That could not be denied, provided that he could resist the French until the Prussians came. But, however artfully he might dispose them on the ridge, the Duke had scarcely more than 63,000 men in line, of whom 42,000 were foreigners.

Dutch, British, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, and Belgians were arranged in skilful alternations. Left of the Brussels road he had Dutchmen and Anglo-German cavalry and British infantry with strong interpolations of Hanoverian and Belgian units. La Haye Sainte was occupied by Hanoverians, who continued the line eastwards, adjoined by Nassauers and British. The Guards held Hougoumont, with British troops in line behind them and Brunswickers and Dutch cavalry in reserve. It was a queer amalgam, against which Napoleon could bring 70,000 Frenchmen. Besides, the French had 260 guns against the Duke's total of 156.

The Emperor was in no doubt of the result. He breakfasted at eight; and after breakfast, with his maps in front of him, he cheerfully announced that they had ninety chances in their favour. Ney⁹ caught the remark, as he came in, and prophesied that Wellington would slip away again. But Napoleon dismissed the notion.

'He has missed his chance again. It would be fatal to him. He has thrown the dice, and they are for us.'

Soult¹⁰ was uneasy, pressing him to send for some of Grouchy's troops. The Emperor was scornful.

'Because you were beaten by Wellington,' he snapped, 'you think he is a good general. I tell you, Wellington is a bad general, the English are bad troops, and it will be a picnic.'

'I hope so,' gloomily replied his chief of staff.

Jérôme¹¹ came in and told him that a Belgian waiter at Genappe had overheard the Allied staff talking about a junction between the Anglo-Prussian forces. The Emperor was incredulous. After such fighting, he explained, it was quite impossible; besides, the Prussians had Grouchy on their track. He asked Reille¹² about the English; but when he began to explain that their infantry was not likely to be shifted by a frontal attack, the Emperor declined to listen. The day was clearing now; the ground would soon be dry enough to move his guns; and his spirits rose.

'If they carry out my orders properly,' he said, 'we sleep in Brussels to-night.'

For Brussels drew him on. It had been his destination from the first, the goal of all his movements; and a draft proclamation was in readiness, thoughtfully prepared in advance and dated from Laeken, to inform the Belgians that their Emperor had heard their cry and found them worthy to be Frenchmen; it added (a trifle prematurely) that the issue had been decided by the God of battles and that his enemies were in full light. But Brussels was still thirteen miles away.

First he rode up to La Belle Alliance. Then he returned to the rising ground in front of Rossomme, where they brought him out a chair and a small table for his maps. The Army of the North was moving up

into position now across the road to Brussels; and he remounted to review them in the last pageant of the Empire. As the bands crashed out the anthem, eagles¹³ dipped before him and the lines of cheering men went by with pounding drums. Trumpet-calls rang out, as the shakoes¹⁴ whirled aloft on fixed bayonets and the long sabres flashed and pennons danced above the riding lancers. The whole plateau was alive with moving men; and the long roar, as they acclaimed their Emperor, was heard a mile away across the valley, where the Allies waited on the ridge.

The Duke was waiting there without impatience in his low cocked-hat with the cockades of the Allies and a blue frock-coat; he had a cloak with him, which he kept putting on because the day was showery and 'I never get wet when I can help it' About half-past eleven the guns opened, and the French shot began to fall among them. (Thirteen miles away a distant mutter reached Grouchy's ears. He had been lunching at Walham, and Gérard¹⁵ pressed him to march to the sound of the guns; but the junior Marshal preferred a literal obedience to his master's orders and continued on his way to Wavre.) This was followed by a savage feint at Hougomont before the Emperor launched his main attack along the road to Brussels. He was massing a great battery of eighty guns on the bare ground by La Belle Alliance, which was to play upon the threatened

ridge; but as he looked round the horizon, he saw something dark four miles away moving towards his right. As their eyes strained to make it out (some of his officers insisted that the moving column was a cloud shadow or a clump of trees), a doubt began to rise. For Grouchy had already reported that he had found the Prussians and that they were falling back on Brussels. All doubts were cleared a few minutes later, when the first Prussian prisoner was brought up in his dark uniform. The papers on him indicated that von Bülow's corps was winding through the fields towards the Emperor's unguarded flank. But he refused to be alarmed.

'This morning,' he remarked to Soult, 'we had ninety chances in our favour. We have still got sixty to forty.'

It was after one o'clock, when he detached some cavalry to intercept the Prussians and moved a corps to face the unexpected threat against his right. The great battery was booming now. They heard the thunder of the guns in Brussels; and as the guns fell silent, great masses of French infantry came down from the heights opposite the ridge and crossed the little hollow to attack the Allies on the slope beyond. But the line held; and as the British cavalry swept through to earn a breathing-space for their exhausted infantry, the panting Highlanders were shouting, 'Scotland for ever' to the Scots Greys. Wellington's deep voice had launched

the Life Guards with a courteous 'Now, gentlemen, for the honour of the Household troops'; and after the great charge was over, he received them with a lift of his low cocked-hat and 'Life Guards! I thank you.'

On the further height the Emperor was pacing up and down with hands behind his back or bending down to read his maps upon the little table. The savage fighting still went on round the stone gateway and brick walls and flaming roof of Hougomont; but in the centre there was a kind of lull, until Ney thought he saw a movement of retreat among the enemy. If he was right, it might be time to use the cavalry; and the excited man led forty squadrons against the Allies on the ridge, who formed squares to receive them while their gunners blazed into the oncoming target until it came too near for comfort and they scampered off to safety in the nearest square, bowling a wheel from each dismantled gun before them. It was spectacular, as the gleaming lines of mounted men went thundering across the little dip between the armies; but it was singularly ineffective, when they topped the rise and rode helplessly round the inhospitable squares of bristling bayonets. As the Duke wrote later, 'we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well.'

The Emperor watched irritably, for it was clear that Ney had used the cavalry too soon. But, the

attack once launched, there was nothing to be done but to support it; and the long afternoon passed in aimless charges of cavalry against the unshaken line. Now the dark masses of the Prussians were pressing hard upon his right, and French troops were steadily diverted to protect the threatened flank. For they had laboured through the miry lanes from Wavre, turning to cheer old Blucher as he rode among them and implored his troops to help him to keep his word to Wellington. Another thrust along the Brussels road carried La Haye Sainte; and as the French impinged upon the ridge, the whole line was threatened. But, thanks to the pressure of the Prussians, there was nothing left to support them now; and the tide ebbed again, as the sun dropped slowly to the west.

It was after seven, as the Duke rode along his line to steady it for the last time. Across the valley the dark masses of the Guard were moving forward in one final throw for victory; and the tall bearskins came on behind five generals and Ney walking with a drawn sword. Raked by artillery, one column reached the ridge. 'Now, Maitland,' said the Duke's voice, 'now's your time.' A volley shattered them; and as the British bayonets came through the smoke, the Guard reeled back. A second column melted in the same inferno; and as the smoke cleared, the Duke's hat was lifted and the whole Allied line swept forward v

That was the end. The Emperor, who had been taking a good deal of snuff, was deadly white and muttered, 'Now it is all over. Let us get away.' Ney, hatless and dirty with his uniform in ribbons and a broken sword still in his hand, was shouting, 'D'Erlon, if we get out of this, we shall be hanged.' The Prussians were in Plancenoit; the Allies were surging forward from the battered ridge; and in the failing light the Emperor rode off the field, escorted to the last by two battalions of the Guard

A little after nine the Duke met Blucher on the road by La Belle Alliance. The two men did not dismount; but Blucher kissed his startled colleague in the saddle, calling him '*Mein lieber Kamerad*'¹⁶ and remarking sparsely of the day's fighting, '*Quelle affaire!*'¹⁷ which was nearly all the French he knew. As the Duke rode back to Waterloo the Prussian cavalry were sabring the remnants of the broken army, mile after mile, down the long road to the French frontier under the moon. At supper he kept staring at the door, hoping that more survivors of his diminished staff would come in to fill the empty places. He did not eat much; and as he left the room, he lifted both his hands and said, 'The hand of God has been over me this day.' Ten miles away a white-faced man was waiting in the broken moonlight of a little wood near Quartre Bras for troops that never came. His face was wet with tears; and,

reeling with exhaustion, he rode through the night to Charleroi, while Flahault's arm kept him in the saddle. It was just a week since he had dined with his family in Paris.

—PHILIP GUEDALLA

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AT SCUTARI

GILES LYTTON STRACHEY

1880—1932

While Nelson at Trafalgar and Wellington at Waterloo won two of the world's greatest battles, Florence Nightingale's work at Scutari was in its own way quite as heroic, and certainly of more enduring value. It is well, in order that we may see War from all sides, to set against its glamour and romance something of its horror and ugliness. Hence, this fine narrative by Lytton Strachey will not be out of place.

The Crimean War broke out in 1854 when Nicholas I received Catherine II's Russian plans of conquest of Turkey. The Czar believed that an alliance between France and England at that time was inconceivable, but these countries were sufficiently alarmed at the disturbance to the balance of power in Europe which would follow Russia's success in this project to unite in Turkey's defence. The war which ensued came to an end with the capture of Sebastopol by the allies in 1855 and the Peace of Paris of 1856. It was a war in which the casualties at such battles as Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman were very large on both sides. As Strachey's description of conditions makes clear, the army medical service of that time was hopelessly disorganized and incompetent. It was Florence Nightingale who brought order out of chaos in the army hospitals, and she did it practically single-handed so far as initiative and administration were concerned. Her story is one of a battle against opposition and discouragement, and of indomitable energy and resolution. Her work at Scutari had far-reaching results, for it meant the dawn of that efficiency in matters of sanitation and in the care of sick soldiers

in days both of peace and war, which to-day characterises the British army's medical department. Florence Nightingale was interested in those in good health as well as the sick, and not merely brought about an improvement along the lines already indicated, but did much to make life in the army more happy in every way for the humble private and for non-commissioned officers

Lytton Strachey briefly states his aims as a biographer in his preface to *Eminent Victorians*. "The art of biography," he writes, "seems to have fallen on evil times in England. We have had, it is true, a few masterpieces, but we have never had, like the French, a great biographical tradition, we have had no Fontanelles and Condorcets, with their incomparable *Eloges*, compressing into a few shining pages the manifold existence of men" After disapproving comment on the long, tedious, eulogistic volumes written in slipshod style which constitute the average standard biography, as he has encountered it, he goes on to tell us what he wishes to achieve. "To preserve, for instance, a becoming brevity—a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant—that surely, is the first duty of the biographer. The second, no less surely, is to maintain his own freedom of spirit. It is not his business to be complimentary, it is his business to lay bare the facts of the case as he understands them"

With his clear-cut, epigrammatic sentences, his sparkling style, and his incisive wit he set a new fashion in his chosen field. His characterizations of the great are often very caustic, thus, while on the whole he is kindly-disposed to Florence Nightingale, there is just a tinge of tartness in the last paragraph of this selection in which he describes her masterfulness and the ways in which she always got what she wanted

Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari—a suburb of Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus—on November 4th, 1854; it was ten days after the battle

of Balaclava¹, and the day before the battle of Inkerman.² The organisation of the hospitals, which had already given way under the stress of the battle of the Alma,³ was now to be subjected to the further pressure which these two desperate and bloody engagements implied. Great detachments of wounded were already beginning to pour in. The men, after receiving such summary treatment as could be given them at the smaller hospitals in the Crimea itself, were forthwith shipped in batches of two hundred across the Black Sea to Scutari. This voyage was in normal times one of four days and a half; but the times were no longer normal, and now the transit often lasted for a fortnight or three weeks. It received, not without reason, the name of "the middle passage." Between, and sometimes on the decks, the wounded, the sick, and the dying were crowded—men who had just undergone the amputation of limbs, men in the clutches of fever or of frostbite, men in the last stages of dysentery and cholera—without beds, sometimes without blankets, often hardly clothed. The one or two surgeons on board did what they could; but medical stores were lacking, and the only form of nursing available was that provided by a handful of invalid soldiers, who were usually themselves prostrate by the end of the voyage. There was no other food beside the ordinary salt rations of ship diet; and even the water was sometimes so stored that it was out of reach of the

weak. For many months, the average of deaths during these voyages was 74 in the thousand; the corpses were shot out into the waters; and who shall say that they were the most unfortunate? At Scutari, the landing-stages, constructed with all the perverseness of Oriental ingenuity, could only be approached with great difficulty, and, in rough weather, not at all. When it was reached, what remained of the men in the ships had first to be disembarked, and then conveyed up a steep slope of a quarter of a mile to the nearest of the hospitals. The most serious cases might be put upon stretchers—for there were far too few for all; the rest were carried or dragged up the hill by such convalescent soldiers as could be got together, who were not too obviously infirm for the work. At last the journey was accomplished; slowly, one by one, living or dying, the wounded were carried up into the hospital. And in the hospital what did they find?

*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate*⁴: the delusive doors bore no such inscription; and yet behind them Hell yawned. Want, neglect, confusion, misery—in every shape and in every degree of intensity—filled the endless corridors and the vast apartments of the gigantic barrack-house, which, without forethought or preparation, had been hurriedly set aside as the chief shelter for the victims of the war. The very building itself was radically defective. Huge sewers underlay it, and

cesspools loaded with filth wafted their poison into the upper rooms. The floors were in so rotten a condition that many of them could not be scrubbed; the walls were thick with dirt; incredible multitudes of vermin swarmed everywhere. And, enormous as the building was, it was yet too small. It contained four miles of beds, crushed together so close that there was but just room to pass between them. Under such conditions, the most elaborate system of ventilation might well have been at fault; but here there was no ventilation. The stench was indescribable. "I have been well acquainted," said Miss Nightingale, "with the dwellings of the worst parts of most of the great cities in Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with that of the Barrack Hospital at night" The structural defects were equalled by the deficiencies in the commonest objects of hospital use. There were not enough bedsteads; the sheets were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men recoiled from them, begging to be left in their blankets; there was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and empty beer-bottles were used for candlesticks. There were no basins, no towels, no soap, no brooms, no mops, no trays, no plates; there were neither slippers nor scissors, neither shoe-brushes nor blacking; there were no knives or forks or spoons. The supply of fuel was constantly deficient. The cooking arrangements were preposterously inade-

quate, and the laundry was a farce. As for purely medical materials, the tale was no better. Stretchers, splints, bandages—all were lacking; and so were the most ordinary drugs.

To replace such wants, to struggle against such difficulties, there was a handful of men overburdened by the strain of ceaseless work, bound down by the traditions of official routine, and enfeebled either by old age or inexperience or sheer incompetence. They had proved utterly unequal to their task. The principal doctor⁵ was lost in the imbecilities of a senile optimism. The wretched official whose business it was to provide for the wants of the hospital was tied fast hand and foot by red tape. A few of the younger doctors struggled valiantly, but what could they do? Unprepared, disorganised, with such help only as they could find among the miserable band of convalescent soldiers drafted off to tend their sick comrades, they were faced with disease, mutilation, and death in all their most appalling forms, crowded multitudinously about them in an ever increasing mass. They were like men in a shipwreck, fighting, not for safety, but for the next moment's bare existence—to gain, by yet another frenzied effort, some brief respite from the waters of destruction. ✓

In these surroundings, those who had been long inured to scenes of human suffering—surgeons with a

world-wide knowledge of agonies, soldiers familiar with fields of carnage, missionaries with remembrances of famine and of plague—yet found a depth of horror which they had never known before. There were moments, there were places, in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, where the strongest hand was struck with trembling, and the boldest eye would turn away its gaze

Miss Nightingale came, and she, at any rate, in that Inferno, did not abandon hope. For one thing, she brought material succour. Before she left London she had consulted Dr Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Board, as to whether it would be useful to take out stores of any kind to Scutari; and Dr. Andrew Smith had told her that "nothing was needed." Even Sidney Herbert had given her similar assurances; possibly, owing to an oversight, there might have been some delay in the delivery of the medical stores, which, he said, had been sent out from England "in profusion," but "four days would have remedied this." She preferred to trust her own instincts, and at Marseilles purchased a large quantity of miscellaneous provisions, which were of the utmost use at Scutari. She came, too, amply provided with money—in all, during her stay in the East, about £7000 reached her from private sources; and, in addition, she was able to avail herself of another valuable means of help. At the same time as herself,

Mr. Macdonald, of the *Times*, had arrived at Scutari, charged with the duty of administering the large sums of money collected through the agency of that newspaper in aid of the sick and wounded; and Mr. Macdonald had the sense to see that the best use he could make of the *Times* Fund was to put it at the disposal of Miss Nightingale. "I cannot conceive," wrote an eye-witness, "as I now calmly look back on the first three weeks after the arrival of the wounded from Inkerman, how it could have been possible to have avoided a state of things too disastrous to contemplate, had not Miss Nightingale been there, with the means placed at her disposal by Mr. Macdonald." But the official view was different. What! Was the public service to admit, by accepting outside charity, that it was unable to discharge its own duties without the assistance of private irregular benevolence? Never! And accordingly when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our ambassador at Constantinople, was asked by Mr. Macdonald to indicate how the *Times* Fund could best be employed, he answered that there was indeed one object to which it might very well be devoted—the building of an English Protestant Church at Pera.

Mr. Macdonald did not waste further time with Lord Stratford, and immediately joined forces with Miss Nightingale. But, with such a frame of mind in the highest quarters, it is easy to imagine the kind of disgust

and alarm with which the sudden intrusion of a band of amateurs and females must have filled the minds of the ordinary officer and the ordinary military surgeon. They could not understand it; what had women to do with war? Honest Colonels relieved their spleen by the cracking of heavy jokes about "the Bird,"⁶ while poor Dr. Hall, a rough terrier of a man, who had worried his way to the top of his profession, was struck speechless with astonishment, and at last observed that Miss Nightingale's appointment was extremely droll.

Her position was, indeed, an official one, but it was hardly the easier for that. In the hospitals it was her duty to provide the services of herself and her nurses when they were asked for by the doctors, and not until then. At first some of the surgeons would have nothing to say to her, and, though she was welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious. But gradually she gained ground. Her good-will could not be denied, and her capacity could not be disregarded. With consummate tact, with all the gentleness of supreme strength, she managed at last to impose her personality upon the susceptible, overwrought, discouraged, and helpless group of men in authority who surrounded her. She stood firm, she was a rock in the angry ocean; with her alone was safety, comfort, life. And so it was that hope dawned at Scutari. The reign of chaos and old night began to dwindle; order came upon the scene, and

common sense, and forethought, and decision, radiating out from the little room off the great gallery in the Barrack Hospital where, day and night, the Lady Superintendent was at her task. Progress might be slow, but it was sure. The first sign of a great change came with the appearance of some of those necessary objects with which the hospitals had been unprovided for months. The sick men began to enjoy the use of towels and soap, knives and forks, combs and tooth-brushes. Dr. Hall might snort when he heard of it, asking, with a growl, what a soldier wanted with a tooth-brush; but the good work went on. Eventually the whole business of purveying to the hospitals was, in effect, carried out by Miss Nightingale. She alone, it seemed, whatever the contingency, knew where to lay her hands on what was wanted; she alone could dispense her stores with readiness; above all she alone possessed the art of circumventing the pernicious influences of official etiquette. This was her greatest enemy, and sometimes even she was baffled by it. On one occasion 27,000 shirts, sent out at her instance by the Home Government, arrived, were landed, and were only waiting to be unpacked. But the official "Purveyor" intervened; "he could not unpack them," he said, "without a Board." Miss Nightingale pleaded in vain; the sick and wounded lay half-naked shivering for want of clothing; and three weeks elapsed before the Board released the shirts. A little

later, however, on a similar occasion, Miss Nightingale felt that she could assert her own authority. She ordered a Government consignment to be forcibly opened, while the miserable "Purveyor" stood by, wringing his hands in departmental agony. How Rajse

Vast quantities of valuable stores sent from England lay, she found, engulfed in the bottomless abyss of the Turkish Customs House. Other ship-loads, buried beneath munitions of war destined for Balaclava, passed Scutari without a sign, and thus hospital materials were sometimes carried to and fro three times over the Black Sea, before they reached their destination. The whole system was clearly at fault, and Miss Nightingale suggested to the home authorities that a Government Store House should be instituted at Scutari for the reception and distribution of the consignments. Six months after her arrival this was done.

In the meantime she had reorganised the kitchens and the laundries in the hospitals. The ill-cooked hunks of meat, vilely served at irregular intervals, which had hitherto been the only diet for the sick men were replaced by punctual meals, well-prepared and appetising, while strengthening extra foods—soups and wines and jellies ("preposterous luxuries," snarled Dr. Hall)—were distributed to those who needed them. One thing, however, she could not effect. The separation of the bones from the meat was no part of official cook-

ery: the rule was that the food must be divided into equal portions, and if some of the portions were all bone—well, every man must take his chance. The rule, perhaps was not a very good one; but there it was. "It would require a new Regulation of the Service," she was told, "to bone the meat." As for the washing arrangements, they were revolutionised. Up to the time of Miss Nightingale's arrival the number of shirts the authorities had succeeded in washing was seven. The hospital bedding, she found, was "washed" in cold water. She took a Turkish house, had boilers installed, and employed soldiers' wives to do the laundry work. The expenses were defrayed from her own funds and that of the *Times*; and henceforward the sick and wounded had the comfort of clean linen.

Then she turned her attention to their clothing. Owing to military exigencies the greater number of the men had abandoned their kit; their knapsacks were lost for ever; they possessed nothing but what was on their persons, and that was usually only fit for speedy destruction. The "Purveyor," of course, pointed out that, according to the regulations, all soldiers should bring with them into hospital an adequate supply of clothing, and he declared that it was no business of his to make good their deficiencies. Apparently, it was the business of Miss Nightingale. She procured socks, boots, and shirts in enormous quantities; she had trousers made,

she rigged up dressing-gowns "The fact is," she told Sidney Herbert, "I am now clothing the British Army."

All at once, word came from the Crimea that a great new contingent of sick and wounded might shortly be expected. Where were they to go? Every available inch in the wards was occupied; the affair was serious and pressing, and the authorities stood aghast. There were some dilapidated rooms in the Barrack Hospital, unfit for human habitation, but Miss Nightingale believed that if measures were promptly taken they might be made capable of accommodating several hundred beds. One of the doctors agreed with her; the rest of the officials were irresolute: it would be a very expensive job, they said; it would involve building; and who could take the responsibility? The proper course was that a representation should be made to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department in London; then the Director-General would apply to the Horse Guards, the Horse Guards would move the Ordnance, the Ordnance would lay the matter before the Treasury, and if the Treasury gave its consent, the work might be correctly carried through, several months after the necessity for it had disappeared. Miss Nightingale, however, had made up her mind, and she persuaded Lord Stratford—or thought she had persuaded him—to give his sanction to the required expenditure. A hundred and twenty-five workmen were immediately

engaged, and the work was begun. The workmen struck; whereupon Lord Stratford washed his hands of the whole business. Miss Nightingale engaged two hundred other workmen on her own authority, and paid the bill out of her own resources. The wards were ready by the required date; five hundred sick men were received in them; and all the utensils, including knives, forks, spoons, cans and towels, were supplied by Miss Nightingale.

This remarkable woman was in truth performing the function of an administrative chief. How had this come about? Was she not in reality merely a nurse? Was it not her duty simply to tend the sick? And indeed, was it not as a ministering angel, a gentle "lady with a lamp" that she actually impressed the minds of her contemporaries? No doubt that was so; and yet it is no less certain that, as she herself said, the specific business of nursing was "the least important of the functions into which she had been forced." It was clear that in the state of disorganisation into which the hospitals at Scutari had fallen the most pressing, the really vital, need was for something more than nursing; it was for the necessary elements of civilised life—the commonest material objects, the most ordinary cleanliness, the rudimentary habits of order and authority. "Oh, dear Miss Nightingale," said one of her party as they were approaching Constantinople, "when we

land, let there be no delays, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows" "The strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub," was Miss Nightingale's answer. And it was upon the wash-tub, and all that the wash-tub stood for, that she expended her greatest energies. Yet to say that is perhaps to say too much. For to those who watched her at work among the sick, moving day and night from bed to bed, with that unflinching courage, with that indefatigable vigilance, it seemed as if the concentrated force of an undivided and unparalleled devotion could hardly suffice for that portion of her task alone. Wherever, in those vast wards, suffering was at its worst and the need for help was greatest, there, as if by magic, was Miss Nightingale. Her superhuman equanimity would, at the moment of some ghastly operation, nerve the victim to endure and almost to hope. Her sympathy would assuage the pangs of dying and bring back to those still living something of the forgotten charm of life. Over and over again her untiring efforts rescued those whom the surgeons had abandoned as beyond the possibility of cure. Her mere presence brought with it a strange influence. A passionate idolatry spread among the men: they kissed her shadow as it passed. They did more. "Before she came," said a soldier, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was 'oly as a church." The most cherished privilege of the fighting man was abandoned for the sake of

Miss Nightingale. In those "lowest sinks of human misery," as she herself put it, she never heard the use of one expression "which could distress a gentlewoman."

She was heroic; and these were the humble tributes paid by those of grosser mould to that high quality. Certainly, she was heroic. Yet her heroism was not of that simple sort so dear to the readers of novels and the compilers of hagiologies^a—the romantic sentimental heroism with which mankind loves to invest its chosen darlings: it was made of sterner stuff. To the wounded soldier on his couch of agony she might well appear in the guise of a gracious angel of mercy; but the military surgeons, and the orderlies, and her own nurses, and the "Purveyor," and Dr. Hall, and even Lord Stratford himself could tell a different story. It was not by gentle sweetness and womanly self-abnegation that she had brought order out of chaos in the Scutari Hospitals, that, from her own resources, she had clothed the British Army, that she had spread her dominion over the serried and reluctant powers of the official world; it was by strict method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labour, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will. Beneath her cool and calm demeanour lurked fierce and passionate fires. As she passed through the wards in her plain dress, so quiet, so unassuming, she struck the casual observer simply as the pattern of a perfect lady; but the keener eye perceived

something more than that—the serenity of high deliberation in the scope of the capacious brow, the sign of power in the dominating curve of the thin nose, and the traces of a harsh and dangerous temper—something peevish, something mocking, and yet something precise—in the small and delicate mouth. There was humour in the face; but the curious watcher might wonder whether it was humour of a very pleasant kind; might ask himself, even as he heard the laughter and marked the jokes with which she cheered the spirits of her patients, what sort of sardonic merriment this same lady might not give vent to, in the privacy of her chamber. As for her voice, it was true of it, even more than of her countenance, that it “had that in it one must fain call master.” Those clear tones were in no need of emphasis. “I never heard her raise her voice,” said one of her companions. Only, when she had spoken, it seemed as if nothing could follow but obedience. Once, when she had given some direction, a doctor ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. “But it must be done,” said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander, who heard the words, never forgot through all his life the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly indeed.

—GILES LYTTON STRACHEY

IV

SOME BELOVED CHARACTERS IN FICTION

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

SIR RICHARD STEELE

1672—1729

Sir Richard Steele, who with his greater contemporary, Joseph Addison, created a new form of periodical literature in *The Tatler*, 1709, and the *The Spectator*, 1710, had a checkered career. Educated at Charterhouse school and at Oxford, he left the university to enter the army and became a captain of the Guards. He then began his literary career with some success as a writer of comedies, and attracting the attention of the government was selected to write *The Gazette*. *The Gazette* was hardly a sprightly paper, but Steele saw hitherto undeveloped possibilities in a publication of this nature and soon began to issue *The Tatler* under the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff, a name which he borrowed from Swift. His school and college-mate, Addison, soon recognized the author despite his disguise, and joined him in the venture *The Spectator*, which in 1710 succeeded *The Tatler*, soon enjoyed an extraordinary vogue in polite society for it was distinguished by its lively and good-humoured criticism of London life and manners as well as by its polished style and air of general good-breeding. Unfortunately differences of opinion arose between the two friends, and their collaboration ceased soon after they had started a new paper, *The Guardian*, in 1713. With Addison's defection Steele's periodicals declined in popularity, but he now had new interests which kept him fully employed for he became a member of parliament and also took charge of Drury Lane Theatre. He was knighted by George I but soon after fell on evil days. Free-handed and prodigal

in the days of his prosperity, he was now deeply in debt and in bad health. In an endeavour to recoup his fortunes and pay off his debts he went into retirement in Wales. He died in 1729. With all his weaknesses and extravagances, Steele was a truly lovable man, generous to a fault, fearless in his political opinions, loyal and forgiving, and a lover of good

Sir Roger de Coverley, appears in contributions to *The Spectator* by both Addison and Steele, but the description of him in our selection is pretty generally ascribed to Steele, since the essay lacks Addison's customary signature *Clio*. Few characters in fiction have been more beloved than Sir Roger. Addison, himself, is said to have been devoted to him. Few have been more deftly portrayed. Indeed, so realistic are the pictures of the members of the club that they seem to have been based on actual persons, and much effort has been expended in attempts to identify them. Each little character-sketch is a gem of conciseness, of verisimilitude, of apt, clean phrasing, and of gentle irony blended with kindly sympathy.

—————*Haec alii sex*¹

Vel plures uno conclamant ore.—Juv.

The first of our Society is a Gentleman of Worcestershire of ancient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir Roger de Coverley. His Great-Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance² which is called after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir Roger. He is a Gentleman, that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this

Humour³ creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho-Square⁴: It is said he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in Love, by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester⁵ and Sir George Etherege,⁶ fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kicked Bully Dawson⁷ in a public Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards⁸, he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. He is now in his Fifty-sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he

comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names and talks all the way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a Justice of the Quorum⁹: that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago gained universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us is another Bachelor, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple*¹⁰; a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. Aristotle and Longinus¹¹ are much better understood by him than Littleton¹² or Coke. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump: He is studying the Passions themselves,¹³ when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of Demosthenes and Tully,¹⁴ but not one case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested

and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His taste of Books is a little too just¹⁵ for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners. Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critic, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn,¹⁶ crosses through Russel-Court,¹⁷ and takes a turn at Will's¹⁸ till the play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Perriwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the Rose¹⁹. It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him

The Person of next Consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport,²⁰ a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of London. A Person of indefatigable Industry. strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jestng, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the British Common. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well

cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest Favourite is, 'A Penny saved is a Penny got.' A General Trader of good Sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; though at the same Time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the Compass but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the Club-room sits Captain Sentry,²¹ a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take Notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a

Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themselves Obstacles to him that must press through Crowds, who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his Way of Talk excuse Generals, for not disposing²² according to Men's Desert, or enquiring into it: For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnished him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never over-bearing,

though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists²³ unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb,²⁴ a Gentleman who according to his Years should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easy Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression. either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turned, of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the French King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; and whose Vanity to show her Foot made that Part of the Dress so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion. he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth²⁵ danced at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him

at the Head of his Troop in the Park. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same Time received a kind Glance or a blow of a Fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the Present Lord such-a-one. This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy Man

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophic Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to. He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes, when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some

divine Topic, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. 'These are my ordinary Companions.

—SIR RICHARD STEELE

CRANFORD SOCIETY

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

1810—1865

On the death of her mother, Elizabeth Stevenson, later Mrs Gaskell, left Chelsea, London, to live with her aunt, Miss Lumb at Knutsford, where she spent all her girlhood. Memories and impressions of the life of this quiet little town form the basic substance of her masterpiece, *Cranford*, which deals with a village of dear old ladies that is really Knutsford in fictionalised form. Even the amusing incident of the singed Alderney cow robed in flannel garments is stated to have been based on actual fact.

Cranford appeared in Dickens' magazine *Household Words* as a serial, 1851-1853, since Dickens had been so impressed by *Mary Barton*, 1948, her novel of Manchester industrial conditions that he was determined that she must write for him. While the *Cranford* sketches were hardly what he had expected of her, he was very properly so pleased with them that, when it seemed the authoress's intention was to bring them to a close with the death of Captain Brown, he urged her to continue, and the rest of the book was written.

The characters of *Cranford*, Captain Brown, Peter, and various old ladies, many of whom are described in our selection, are very dear to all who have made their acquaintance. Miss Matty is particularly precious, although in this chapter nothing is said of her, for her elder sister, Miss Deborah Jenkyns, and the good captain are in it the chief actors. But Miss Matty's story runs through the whole book, and should be studied as a whole.

Mrs. Gaskell presents her characters with just a tinge of sati but her humour is always quiet, kindly, in good taste and distinctively feminine. And she makes of Cranford and its sedate little 'Amazons' a little world of tender hearts and lives of simple pathos. *Cranford* is deliciously old-fashioned, old-maidish, and Victorian in its prim ways. The ladies are prudish, of course, but never disagreeably so; and there is something very touching and human in their studied gentility and over-nice Cranfordian propriety. Their conception of "elegant economy" and quaint devices for effecting it in their comparative poverty evoke smiles that are not so far from sympathetic tears. Mrs. Gaskell is a mistress of genuine comedy, and can besides make a very simple occasion like a quiet tea-party as interesting to her readers as it was to her characters. Especially skilful is her use of conversation for the whole man or woman is revealed thereby. As an example of this we have the dialogue in our selection between Miss Jenkyns and Captain Brown.

While Mrs. Gaskell wrote other successful books such as her novels *Ruth*, 1853, *North and South*, 1855, and *Sylvia's Lovers*, 1859, and her biography of her friend, Charlotte Brontë, 1857, it is through *Cranford* that she lives in English Literature.

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons¹; all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if

they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is so in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirited out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is

very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot², the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady—the survivor of all—could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx³ laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.⁴

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey, to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a

gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve—from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then, after they had called—

"It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour"

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans,⁵ and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps*⁶ which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their

poverty. When Mrs. Forester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little Maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with house-keeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens,⁷ under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover; it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford)

to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford. There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour-grapeism⁸ which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry⁹. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about

that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was so fine, or the air so refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the Captain and his daughters, only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed¹⁰ hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked up stairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights, and

omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter of an hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold and miserable, and in a bare skin. Everybody pities the animal, though a few

could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily; she set to work, and by-and-by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark grey flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in grey flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure, a stiff military throw-back of his head, and a springing step, which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real was more than his apparent age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on

her face, and looked as if the gaiety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you presently), "that she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples, and not always to be trying to look like a child." It was true there was something childlike in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know whether she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner; and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters—that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family when I first saw them all together in Granford Church. The Captain I had met before—on

the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church, he held his double eye-glass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk—an old man with a piping feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quivered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church, the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances, but he shook hands with none until he had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer-book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

I wonder what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card-parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings; and, in our love for gentility, and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar"; so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honour, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be

the course of the evening. Card-tables, with green baize tops, were set out by daylight, just as usual; it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed in about four. Candles, and clean packs of cards were arranged on each table. The fire was made up; the neat maid-servant had received her last directions; and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to "Preference," I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and presently the tea-trays, which I had seen set out in the store-room as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card-table. The china was delicate egg-shell; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in: and I could see that, somehow or other, the Captain was a favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended

to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maid-servant's labour by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for threepenny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter—for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards. but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinet¹¹ in its youth. Miss Jessie sang "Jock of Hazeldean" a little out of tune; but we were¹ none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shop-keeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough—for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at a card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the

same room with a shop-keeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required, "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinbro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

Harry Raj Sehgal

When the trays re-appeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of 'The Pickwick Papers'?"¹² said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model?" This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly ; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swar-ry"¹³ which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said with mild dignity—

Fetch me *Rasselas*,¹⁴ my dear, out of the book-room."

When I had brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown—

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Boz¹⁵, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice: and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The Captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give him a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was the *Rambler*¹⁶ published, ma'am? asked Captain Brown in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her forte¹⁷. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized

the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

It is said—I won't vouch for the fact—that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*¹⁸, "D—n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns' arm-chair, and endeavouring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day she made the remark I have mentioned about Miss Jessie's dimples.

—ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

BETSY TROTWOOD

CHARLES DICKENS

1812—1870

Charles Dickens in his novels, densely populated as they are with living, breathing persons, created so many lovable characters that it has been really difficult to select one for our pages. *David Copperfield* is regarded as his greatest novel and I imagine that most of us would agree that the extraordinary Mr. Micawber is at once the most amusing and most delightful figure in it. But Aunt Betsy Trotwood seems a natural choice after Mrs Gaskell's old ladies of *Cranford*, and is a very interesting contrast to them. This selection, moreover, illustrates admirably the broad and whimsical humour of Dickens, his sympathy and pathos, and his narrative power. These were the qualities, which established his popularity and made each novel, as it appeared, an exciting event. It is good to note that after a period in which his works have been somewhat depreciated by the literary critics, he is now coming into his own again, and recognized for the genius that he really was, able to move the hearts of men for all time through his sincerity, noble idealism, and firm grasp of human character and human experience. Whatever his faults, he was probably the greatest novelist of his day in an age when many great novels were being written. There is no one whose books can give you greater pleasure, or who is a more inevitable choice for representation in a volume such as this

The morning had worn away in these inquiries, and I was sitting on the step of an empty shop at a street

corner, near the market-place, deliberating upon wandering towards those other places which had been mentioned, when a fly-driver¹, coming by with his carriage, dropped a horse cloth. Something good-natured in the man's face, as I handed it up, encouraged me to ask him if he could tell me where Miss Trotwood lived; though I had asked the question so often, that it almost died upon my lips.

"Trotwood," said he. "Let me see. I know the name, too. Old lady?"

"Yes," I said, "rather."

"Pretty stiff in the back?" said he, making himself upright.

"Yes," I said. "I should think it very likely."

"Carries a bag?" said he: "bag with a good deal of room in it: is gruffish, and comes down upon you sharp?"

My heart sank within me as I acknowledged the undoubted accuracy of this description.

"Why then, I tell you what," said he. "If you go up there," pointing with his whip towards the heights, "and keep right on till you come to some houses facing the sea, I think you'll hear of her. My opinion is, she won't stand anything, so here's a penny for you."

I accepted the gift thankfully, and bought a loaf with it. Despatching this refreshment by the way, I went in the direction my friend had indicated, and walked on a good distance without coming to the

houses he had mentioned. At length I saw some before me; and approaching them, went into a little shop (it was what we used to call a general shop, at home), and inquired if they could have the goodness to tell me where Miss Trotwood lived. I addressed myself to a man behind the counter, who was weighing some rice for a young woman; but the latter, taking the inquiry to herself, turned round quickly.

"My mistress?" she said. "What do you want with her, boy?"

"I want," I replied, "to speak to her, if you please."

"To beg of her, you mean," retorted the damsel.

"No," I said, "indeed." But suddenly remembering that in truth I came for no other purpose, I held my peace in confusion, and felt my face burn.

My aunt's handmaid, as I supposed she was from what she had said, put her rice in a little basket and walked out of the shop; telling me that I could follow her, if I wanted to know where Miss Trotwood lived. I needed no second permission; though I was by this time in such a state of consternation and agitation, that my legs shook under me. I followed the young woman, and we soon came to a very neat little cottage with cheerful bow-windows in front of it, a small square gravelled court or garden full of flowers, carefully tended, and smelling deliciously.

"This is Miss Trotwood's," said the young

woman. "Now you know; and that's all I have got to say." With which words she hurried into the house, as if to shake off the responsibility of my appearance; and left me standing at the garden-gate, looking disconsolately over the top of it towards the parlour-window, where a muslin curtain partly undrawn in the middle, a large round green screen or fan fastened on to the window-sill, a small table, and a great chair, suggested to me that my aunt might be at that moment seated in awful state.

My shoes were by this time in a woeful condition. The soles had shed themselves bit by bit, and the upper leathers had broken and burst until the very shape and form of shoes had departed from them. My hat (which had served me for a night-cap, too) was so crushed and bent, that no old battered handleless saucepan on a dung-hill need have been ashamed to vie with it. My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept—and torn besides—might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I stood at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London. My face, neck, and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the air and sun, were burnt to a berry-brown. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust, as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight, and with a strong consciousness of it, I waited to introduce

myself to, and make my first impression on, my formidable aunt.

The unbroken stillness of the parlour-window leading me to infer, after a while, that she was not there, I lifted up my eyes to the window above it, where I saw a florid, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a grey head, who shut up one eye in a grotesque manner, nodded his head at me several times, shook it at me as often, laughed, and went away.

I had been discomposed enough before; but I was so much the more discomposed by this unexpected behaviour, that I was on the point of slinking off, to think how I had best proceed, when there came out of the house a lady with her handkerchief tied over her cap, and a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, wearing a gardening pocket like a tollman's apron, and carrying a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsy, for she came stalking out of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often described her stalking up our garden at Blunderstone Rookery.

"Go away!" said Miss Betsy, shaking her head, and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. "Go along! No boys here!"

I watched her, with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of her garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation. I went

softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

"If you please, ma'am," I began.

She started and looked up.

"If you please, aunt."

"Eh?" exclaimed Miss Betsy, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

"If you please, aunt, I am your nephew."

"Oh, Lord!" said my aunt. And sat flat down in the garden-path.

"I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk—where you came, on the night when I was born, and saw my dear mama. I have been very unhappy since she died. I have been slighted, and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey." Here my self-support gave way all at once; and with a movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, and call it to witness that I had suffered something, I broke into a passion of crying, which I suppose had been pent up within me all the week.

My aunt, with every sort of expression but wonder discharged from her countenance, sat on the gravel, staring at me, until I began to cry; when she got up in a great hurry, collared me, and took me into the

parlour Her first proceeding there was to unlock a tall press, bring out several bottles, and pour some of the contents of each into my mouth I think they must have been taken out at random, for I am sure I tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce, and salad dressing. When she had administered these restoratives, as I was still quite hysterical, and unable to control my sobs, she put me on the sofa, with a shawl under my head, and the handkerchief from her own head under my feet, lest I should sully the cover, and then, sitting herself down behind the green fan or screen I have already mentioned so that I could not see her face, ejaculated at intervals, "Mercy on us!" letting those exclamations off like minute guns ✓

After a time she rang the bell. "Janet," said my aunt, when her servant came in "Go up-stairs, give my compliments to Mr Dick², and say I wish to speak to him."

Janet looked a little surprised to see me lying stiffly on the sofa (I was afraid to move lest it should be displeasing to my aunt), but went on her errand My aunt, with her hands behind her, walked up and down the room, until the gentleman who had squinted at me from the upper window came in laughing.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "don't be a fool, because nobody can be more discreet than you can, when you choose. We all know that. So don't be a fool, what-

ever you are."

The gentleman was serious immediately, and looked at me, I thought, as if he would entreat me to say nothing about the window.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "you have heard me mention David Copperfield? Now don't pretend not to have a memory, because you and I know better."

"David Copperfield?" said Mr. Dick, who did not appear to me to remember much about it. "*David Copperfield?* Oh yes, to be sure. David, certainly."

"Well," said my aunt, "this is his boy, his son. He would be as like his father as it's possible to be, if he was not so like his mother, too."

"His son?" said Mr. Dick. "David's son? Indeed!"

"Yes," pursued my aunt, "and he has done a pretty piece of business. He has run away. Ah! His sister, Betsy Trotwood³, never would have run away." My aunt shook her head firmly, confident in the character and behaviour of the girl who never was born.

"Oh! you think she wouldn't have run away?" said Mr. Dick.

"Bless and save the man," exclaimed my aunt, sharply, "how he talks! Don't I know she wouldn't? She would have lived with her god-mother, and we should have been devoted to one another. Where, in the name of wonder, should his sister, Betsy Trotwood, have run from, or to?"

"Nowhere," said Mr. Dick.

"Well then," returned my aunt, softened by the reply, "how can you pretend to be wool-gathering⁴, Dick, when you are as sharp as a surgeon's lancet? Now, here you see young David Copperfield, and the question I put to you is, what shall I do with him?"

"What shall you do with him?" said Mr. Dick, feebly, scratching his head. "Oh! do with him?"

"Yes," said my aunt, with a grave look, and her forefinger held up. "Come! I want some very sound advice."

"Why, if I was you," said Mr. Dick, considering, and looking vacantly at me, "I should—" The contemplation of me seemed to inspire him with a sudden idea, and he added, briskly, "I should wash him!"

"Janet," said my aunt, turning round with a quiet triumph, which I did not then understand, "Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath!"

Although I was deeply interested in this dialogue, I could not help observing my aunt, Mr. Dick, and Janet, while it was in progress, and completing a survey I had already been engaged in making of the room.

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage, amply sufficient to account for the effect she had made upon a gentle creature like my mother; but her features were rather hand-

some than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye. Her hair, which was grey, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mob-cap; I mean a cap, much more common then than now, with side-pieces fastening under the chin. Her dress was of a lavender colour, and perfectly neat; but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible. I remember that I thought it, in form, more like a riding-habit with the superfluous skirt cut off, than anything else. She wore at her side a gentleman's gold watch, if I might judge from its size and make, with an appropriate chain and seals; she had some linen at her throat not unlike a shirt-collar, and things at her wrists like little shirt-wristbands.

Mr. Dick, as I have already said, was grey-headed and florid: I should have said all about him, in saying so, had not his head been curiously bowed—not by age; it reminded me of one of Mr. Creakle's boys' heads after a beating—and his grey eyes prominent and large, with a strange kind of watery brightness in them that made me, in combination with his vacant manner, his submission to my aunt, and his childish delight when she praised him, suspect him of being a little mad; though, if he were mad, how he came to be there, puzzled me extremely. He was dressed like any other ordinary gentleman, in a loose grey morning coat and waistcoat,

and white trousers; and had his watch in his fob, and his money in his pockets: which he rattled as if he were very proud of it.

Janet was a pretty blooming girl, of about nineteen or twenty, and a perfect picture of neatness. Though I made no further observation of her at the moment, I may mention here what I did not discover until afterwards, namely, that she was one of a series of protégées whom my aunt had taken into her service expressly to educate in a renouncement of mankind, and who had generally completed their abjuration by marrying the baker.

The room was as neat as Janet or my aunt. As I laid down my pen, a moment since, to think of it, the air from the sea came blowing in again, mixed with the perfume of the flowers, and I saw the old-fashioned furniture brightly rubbed and polished, my aunt's inviolable chair and table by the round green fan in the bow-window, the drugget-covered carpet, the cat, the kettle-holder, the two canaries, the old china, the punch-bowl full of dried rose-leaves, the tall press guarding all sorts of bottles and pots, and, wonderfully out of keeping with the rest, my dusty self upon the sofa, taking note of everything.

Janet had gone away to get the bath ready, when my aunt, to my great alarm, became in one moment rigid with indignation, and had hardly voice to cry out,

"Janet! Donkeys!"

Upon which, Janet came running up the stairs as if the house were in flames, darted out on a little piece of green in front, and warned off two saddle-donkeys, lady-ridden, that had presumed to set hoof upon it; while my aunt, rushing out of the house, seized the bridle of a third animal laden with a bestriding child, turned him, led him forth from those sacred precincts, and boxed the ears of the unlucky urchin in attendance who had dared to profane that hallowed ground.

To this hour I don't know whether my aunt had any lawful right of way over that patch of green; but she had settled it in her own mind that she had, and it was all the same to her. The one great outrage of her life, demanding to be constantly avenged, was the passage of a donkey over that immaculate spot. In whatever occupation she was engaged, however interesting to her the conversation in which she was taking part, a donkey turned the current of her ideas in a moment, and she was upon him straight. Jugs of water, and watering-pots, were kept in secret places ready to be discharged on the offending boys; sticks were laid in ambush behind the door; sallies were made at all hours; and incessant war prevailed. Perhaps this was an agreeable excitement to the donkey-boys; or perhaps the more sagacious of the donkeys, understanding how the case stood, delighted with constitutional obstinacy in coming

that way. I only know that there were three alarms before the bath was ready; and that on the occasion of the last and most desperate of all, I saw my aunt engage, single-handed, with a sandy-headed lad of fifteen, and bump his sandy head against her own gate, before he seemed to comprehend what was the matter. These interruptions were the more ridiculous to me, because she was giving me broth out of a table-spoon at the time (having firmly persuaded herself that I was actually starving, and must receive nourishment at first in very small quantities), and, while my mouth was yet open to receive the spoon, she would put it back into the basin, cry, "Janet! Donkeys!" and go out to the assault.

The bath was a great comfort. For I began to be sensible of acute pains in my limbs from lying out in the fields, and was now so tired and low that I could hardly keep myself awake for five minutes together. When I had bathed, they (I mean my aunt and Janet) enrobed me in a shirt and a pair of trousers belonging to Mr. Dick, and tied me up in two or three great shawls. What sort of bundle I looked like, I don't know, but I felt a very hot one. Feeling also very faint and drowsy, I soon lay down on the sofa again and fell asleep.

It might have been a dream, originating in the fancy which had occupied my mind so long but I awoke with the impression that my aunt had come and bent over me, and had put my hair away from my face, and

laid my head more comfortably, and had then stood looking at me. The words, "Pretty fellow," or "Poor fellow," seemed to be in my ears, too; but certainly there was nothing else, when I awoke, to lead me to believe that they had been uttered by my aunt, who sat in the bow-window gazing at the sea from behind the green fan, which was mounted on a kind of swivel, and turned any way.

We dined soon after I awoke, off a roast fowl and a pudding; I sitting at table, not unlike a trussed bird myself, and moving my arms with considerable difficulty. But as my aunt had swathed me up, I made no complaint of being inconvenienced. All this time I was deeply anxious to know what she was going to do with me; but she took her dinner in profound silence, except when she occasionally fixed her eyes on me sitting opposite, and said, "Mercy upon us!" which did not by any means relieve my anxiety.

The cloth being drawn, and some sherry put upon the table (of which I had a glass), my aunt sent up for Mr Dick again, who joined us, and looked as wise as he could when she requested him to attend to my story, which she elicited from me, gradually, by a course of questions. During my recital, she kept her eyes on Mr. Dick, who I thought would have gone to sleep but for that, and who whensoever he lapsed into a smile, was checked by a frown from my aunt.

"Whatever possessed that poor unfortunate Baby, that she must go and be married again," said my aunt, when I had finished, "I can't conceive."

"Perhaps she fell in love with her second husband," Mr. Dick suggested.

"Fell in love!" repeated my aunt "What do you mean? What business had she to do it?"

"Perhaps," Mr. Dick simpered, after thinking a little, "she did it for pleasure."

"Pleasure, indeed!" replied my aunt "A mighty pleasure for the poor Baby to fix her simple faith upon any dog of a fellow, certain to ill-use her in some way or other. What did she propose to herself, I should like to know! She had had one husband She had seen David Copperfield out of the world, who was always running after wax dolls from his cradle She had got a baby—oh, there were a pair of babies when she gave birth to this child sitting here, that Friday night!—and what more did she want?"

Mr. Dick secretly shook his head at me, as if he thought there was no getting over this

"She couldn't even have a baby like anybody else," said my aunt. "Where was this child's sister, Betsy Trotwood? Not forthcoming. Don't tell me!"

Mr. Dick seemed quite frightened

"That little man of a doctor, with his head on one side," said my aunt, "Jellips⁵, or whatever his name was,

what was *he* about? All he could do was to say to me, like a robin redbreast—as he *is*—‘It’s a boy.’ A boy! Yah, the imbecility of the whole set of ‘em!”

The heartiness of the ejaculation startled Mr. Dick exceedingly; and me, too, if I am to tell the truth.

“And then, as if this was not enough, and she had not stood sufficiently in the light of this child’s sister, Betsy Trotwood,” said my aunt, “she marries a second time—goes and marries a Murderer—or a man with a name like it—and stands in *this* child’s light! And the natural consequence is, as anybody but a baby might have foreseen, that he prowls and wanders. He’s as like Cain⁶ before he was grown up, as he can be.”

Mr. Dick looked hard at me, as if to identify me in this character.

“And then there’s that woman with the Pagan name,” said my aunt, “that Peggotty’, *she* goes and gets married next. Because she has not seen enough of the evil attending such things, she goes and gets married next, as the child relates. I only hope,” said my aunt, shaking her head, “that her husband is one of those Poker husbands who abound in the newspapers, and will beat her well with one.”

I could not bear to hear my old nurse so decried, and made the subject of such a wish. I told my aunt that indeed she was mistaken. That Peggotty was the best, the truest, the most faithful, most devoted, and

most self-denying friend and servant in the world; who had ever loved me dearly, who had ever loved my mother dearly; who had held my mother's dying head upon her arm, on whose face my mother had imprinted her last grateful kiss. And my remembrance of them both, choking me, I broke down as I was trying to say that her home was my home, and that all she had was mine, and that I would have gone to her for shelter, but for her humble station, which made me fear that I might bring some trouble on her—I broke down, I say, as I was trying to say so, and laid my face in my hands upon the table.

"Well, well!" said my aunt, "the child is right to stand by those who have stood by him.—Janet! Donkeys!"

I thoroughly believe that but for those unfortunate donkeys, we should have come to a good understanding; for my aunt had laid her hand on my shoulder, and the impulse was upon me, thus emboldened, to embrace her and beseech her protection. But the interruption, and the disorder she was thrown into by the struggle outside, put an end to all softer ideas for the present, and kept my aunt indignantly declaiming to Mr. Dick about her determination to appeal for redress to the laws of her country, and to bring actions for trespass against the whole donkey proprietorship of Dover, until tea-time.

After tea, we sat at the window, on the look-out,

as I imagined, from my aunt's sharp expression of face, for more invaders—until dusk, when Janet set candles, and a backgammon board, on the table, and pulled down the blinds.

"Now, Mr. Dick," said my aunt, with her grave look, and her forefinger up as before, "I am going to ask you another question. Look at this child."

"David's son?" said Mr. Dick, with an attentive, puzzled face.

"Exactly so," returned my aunt. "What would you do with him now?"

"Do with David's son?" said Mr. Dick.

"Ay," replied my aunt, "with David's son."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dick. "Yes. Do with—I should put him to bed."

"Janet!" cried my aunt, with the same complacent triumph that I had remarked before. "Mr. Dick sets us all right. If the bed is ready, we'll take him up to it."

—CHARLES DICKENS

THE DEATH OF COLONEL NEWCOME

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811—1863

Henry Esmond and Colonel Newcome are Thackeray's two portraits of the perfect gentleman. The story goes that the poet Lowell who was Thackeray's friend noticed one day how very sad his friend looked and asked the reason. Thackeray replied that he had just killed Colonel Newcome, and, taking his friend aside, read this chapter of his book with the tears running down his cheeks. Colonel Newcome is justly one of the best-loved figures in fiction, and this description of his death has deeply moved many readers, despite the fact that many critics have condemned it as excessively sentimental. Perhaps they are right; we shall not argue the matter with them. There is nevertheless, a beauty in it which gives it an enduring appeal; and in India, where we are not yet too sophisticated to be sentimental, we can leave the critics to their opinions, and join the multitude who have found it one of the great scenes in Thackeray.

Those of us, who are sufficiently interested, might compare it with the passing of Mr Chips in James Hilton's *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, in which a writer of to-day deals with an incident not so very unlike it in nature.

I had to go back to Clive with these gloomy tidings. The poor fellow must put up a bed in his studio, and there await the issue of his wife's illness. I saw Thomas Newcome could not sleep under his son's roof that night,

That dear meeting, which both so desired, was delayed, who could say for how long?

"The Colonel may come to us," I thought; "our old house is big enough." I guessed who was the friend coming in my wife's company; and pleased myself by thinking that two friends so dear should meet in our home. Bent upon these plans, I repaired to Grey Friars¹, and to Thomas Newcome's chamber there.

Bayham² opened the door when I knocked, and came towards me with a finger on his lip, and a sad, sad countenance. He closed the door gently behind him, and led me into the court. "Clive is with him, and Miss Newcome³. He is very ill. He does not know them," said Bayham, with a sob. "He calls out for both of them: they are sitting there, and he does not know them."

In a brief narrative, broken by more honest tears, Fred Bayham, as we paced up and down the court, told me what had happened. The old man must have passed a sleepless night, for on going to his chamber in the morning, his attendant found him dressed in his chair, and his bed undisturbed. He must have sat all through the bitter night without a fire; but his hands were burning hot, and he rambled in his talk. He spoke of some one coming to drink tea with him, pointed to the fire, and asked why it was not made; he would not go to bed, though the nurse pressed him. The bell

began to ring for morning chapel; he got up and went towards his gown, groping towards it as though he could hardly see, and put it over his shoulders, and would go out, but he would have fallen in the court if the good nurse had not given him her arm; and the physician of the hospital, passing fortunately at this moment, who had always been a great friend of Colonel Newcome's, insisted upon leading him back to his room again, and got him to bed. "When the bell stopped, he wanted to rise once more; he fancied he was a boy at school again," said the nurse, "and that he was going in to Dr. Raine, who was schoolmaster here ever so many years ago." So it was, that when happier days seemed to be dawning for the good man, that reprieve came too late. Grief, and years, and humiliation, and care, and cruelty had been too strong for him, and Thomas Newcome was stricken down.

Bayham's story told, I entered the room, over which the twilight was falling, and saw the figures of Clive and Ethel seated at each end of the bed. The poor old man within it was calling incoherent sentences. I had to call Clive from the present grief before him, with intelligence of further sickness awaiting him at home. Our poor patient did not heed what I said to his son. "You must go home to Rosey,"⁴ Ethel said. "She will be sure to ask for her husband, and forgiveness is best, dear Clive. I will stay with uncle. I will never leave

him. Please God, he will be better in the morning when you come back." So Clive's duty called him to his own sad home; and, the bearer of dismal tidings, I returned to mine. The fires were lit there, and the table spread; and kind hearts were waiting to welcome the friend who never more was to enter my door⁵.

It may be imagined that the intelligence which I brought alarmed and afflicted my wife, and Madame de Florac,⁶ our guest. Laura immediately went away to Rosey's house to offer her services if needed. The accounts which she brought thence were very bad: Clive came to her for a minute or two, but Mrs. Mackenzie⁷ could not see her. Should she not bring the little boy home to her children? Laura asked; and Clive thankfully accepted the offer. The little man slept in our nursery that night, and was at play with our young ones on the morrow—happy and unconscious of the fate impending over his home.

Yet two more days passed, and I had to take two advertisements to the *Times* newspaper on the part of poor Clive. Among the announcements of Births was printed, "On the 28th, in Howland Street, Mrs. Clive Newcome of a son, still-born." And a little lower, in the third division of the same column, appeared the words, "On the 29th, in Howland Street, aged 26, Rosalind, wife of Clive Newcome, Esq." So, one day, shall the names of all of us be written there; to be deplored.

by how many?—to be remembered how long?—to occasion what tears, praises, sympathy, censure?—yet for a day or two, while the busy world has time to recollect us who have passed beyond it. So this poor little flower had bloomed for its little day, and pined, and withered, and perished. There was only one friend by Clive's side following the humble procession which laid poor Rosey and her child out of sight of a world that had been but unkind to her. Not many tears were there to water her lonely little grave. A grief that was akin to shame and remorse humbled him as he knelt over her. Poor little harmless lady! no more childish triumphs and vanities, no more hidden griefs are you to enjoy or suffer; and earth closes over your simple pleasures and tears! The snow was falling and whitening the coffin as they lowered it into the ground. It was at the same cemetery in which Lady Kew was buried. I dare say the same clergyman read the same service over the two graves, as he will read it for you or any of us to-morrow; and until his own turn comes. Come away from the place, poor Clive! Come sit with your orphan little boy, and bear him on your knee, and hug him to your heart. He seems yours now, and all a father's love may pour out upon him. Until this hour, Fate uncontrollable and home tyranny had separated him from you.

It was touching to see the eagerness and tenderness with which the great strong man now assumed the

guardianship of the child, and endowed him with his entire wealth of affection. The little boy now ran to Clive whenever he came in, and sat for hours prattling to him. He would take the boy out to walk, and from our windows we could see Clive's black figure striding over the snow in St. James's Park, the little man trotting beside him, or perched on his father's shoulder. My wife and I looked at them one morning as they were making their way towards the City. "He has inherited that loving heart from his father," Laura said; "and he is paying over the whole property to his son."

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter; the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men to the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Goodenough, came to him: he hoped too; but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame

de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bed-clothes, or in the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel."⁸ "Tell little F—that Codd Colonel wants to see him;" and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play, and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine, and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to

know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a gown-boy; and I make no doubt when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again,—a youth all love and hope,—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

Rosey's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance, Clive had even forbore to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The Colonel remained silent and was very much disturbed all that day, but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite; and, once or twice afterwards, asked, Why she did not come to see him? She was prevented, he supposed—she was prevented, he said, with a look of terror: he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household, who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood: but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome⁹ never once offered to touch that honoured hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanstone Square; Mrs. Hobson¹⁰ even offered to sit with the Colonel, and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books; the two nurses whom he loved faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honoured with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his Colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodging in Cistercian Lane, at the "Red Cow"? He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be par-

doned, *quia multum amavit*.¹¹ I am sure he felt ten times more joy at hearing of Clive's legacy than if thousands had been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him!

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*¹², little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend!

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a

hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours,¹³ toujours!" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling, "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, "Léonore, Léonore" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed

feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum"¹⁴! and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTES

THE END OF THE WORLD

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¹*Choza*: hut, hovel

²*Gallegan*: Gallician Gallicia is the northern part of Spain.

³*Finisterre*: Latin *finis* the end, *terræ* of the world

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⁴*Alba* or *Alva*: Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alba, 1508—1583, famous general of Charles V and Philip II of Spain. He was sent by the latter in 1567 to the Netherlands to repress Protestantism there. He proceeded to do so with such severity that the country rose in revolt under William of Orange. While Alba won victories in almost every campaign, he could not subdue the country under her resolute leader, and in 1573 Philip recalled him at his own request. In 1581 he conducted a victorious campaign against Don Antonio in Portugal and permitted his soldiers to sack Lisbon with unprecedented violence and rapacity.

⁵*Philip II of Spain*: 1527—1598, a stern champion of Catholicism, who was responsible for Alba's merciless repressive policy in the Netherlands.

⁶*Cortez* or *Cortes*: Hernando Cortes, 1485—1547, was the conqueror of Mexico under Charles V of Spain. The story of his victories is one of signal daring, but at times of equally signal and unscrupulous ruthlessness.

⁷*Pizarro* Francisco Pizarro, 1471 or 1475—1541, was the discoverer and conqueror of Peru during the reign of Charles V of Spain. Like Cortes he was resolute and daring, but even more cruel. He was finally assassinated at Lima in 1541 by the adherents of his colleague, Almagro, with whom he had had a dispute, and whom he caused to be executed after defeating him in the battle of Las Salinas in 1538. The stories of Cortes.

and Pizarro are fascinatingly told by W. H. Prescott, the American Historian, in his great histories of Mexico and Peru, into which you are all advised to dip

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⁸*St. James* of Campostella, the patron saint of Spain, as *St George* is of England.

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⁹*Sardinhas*: Sardines, anchovies.

¹⁰*Praia do mar de fora*: "the shore of the outer sea,"—Gallician is the blending of Spanish and Portuguese

THE PLAINS OF PATAGONIA

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¹*Darwin*: Charles Darwin, the great scientist, in his *Voyage of the Beagle* describes his Patagonian experiences amongst other adventures of the voyage.

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²*Rio Negro*: a river in South Argentina flowing about 630 miles from the Andes to the Atlantic Ocean

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³*Puma*: a large South American animal of the cat family, also called the cougar.

⁴*Huanaco* or *guanaco*. a large South American mammal of the camel family larger than the llama

⁵*Dolichotis*: a genus of long-eared South American rodents

⁶*Rhea*: the South American ostrich

⁷*Tinamou*: birds of the cock family of the same type as the partridge.

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⁸*Buzzard*: a slow-flying hawk.

⁹*Poncho*: a cloak like a blanket with a slit in it for the head.

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¹⁰*Undeciduous*: which do not fall off at maturity, ever-green.

A TIGER HUNT

PAGE 25

¹*De Ruyter* the Dutch-American privateer with whom Trelawny threw in his lot on deserting the Royal Navy

²*Zela*: an Arabian girl, whose father's death Trelawny describes in Chapter XLI of *The Adventures of a Younger Son*. After her father's death Trelawny takes charge of her, and falls deeply in love with her

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³*Creese* or *Kris*: a Malay dagger with a blade of wavy form

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⁴"*You are our Malay's hawk* " the reference is to an incident in Chapter LXXXVI in which a combat is described between a hawk and a raven immediately after a Malay chief has killed the Tiroon mahout mentioned in the last paragraph of this selection. The Tiroon mahout had provoked the chieftain's anger by killing an outcast and despised leper; and the chieftain watching the conflict between the birds "averred that the hawk was the leper's spirit, the raven the Tiroon's " As the hawk destroys the raven, the leper's spirit is regarded as having avenged itself on its murderer's

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⁵"*death of the Tiroon*:" vide previous note

A PERILOUS DESCENT

The Marquesas or Mendana Islands in which the scene of *Typee* is laid constitute a Pacific archipelago belonging to France. They are in two groups — a southern group of five islands and a north-western group of seven. Nukuheva, seven miles in circumference, is in the north-western group. The islands are of volcanic origin and their valleys are rich in varied vegetation. They were discovered in 1595 by Alvaro Mendana, who named them after the Marquis of Canete, viceroy of Peru and patron of his voyage.

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¹*The Happar side*: Melville and Toby, having deserted their ship had climbed to the top of a mountain ridge. From there they looked down upon a valley in which lived either the more friendly Happers or the ferocious cannibals, the Typees. Toby is quite certain that this is the Happar and not the Typee valley.

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²*Belzoni*: Giovanni Battista Belzoni, 1778—1823, Italian explorer of Egyptian antiquities, best known for his *Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia, etc.*, 1819.

FOG—AND THE CHISHIMA

PAGE 53

¹*"Fortified areas"*: Japan is very strict in prohibiting inspection of certain areas important for strategic military purposes. For example, photographs cannot be taken while passing through the Inland Sea which is one such "fortified area." Apparently the Lindberghs' route over the islands had been prescribed for them by the authorities.

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²*Dessert*: the word is used in the American sense and means what in England would be called the *pudding* course of a dinner and not as in English usage the nuts and sweets at the end of the meal.

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³*(Smiling, Still and Bright)*: Note that this is a repetition of a phrase in the preceding paragraph and note also the effects produced in this paragraph by all the phrases in brackets for there is very deft artistry in the device as used here.

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⁴*The Alleghenies*: a mountain range running north and south across the eastern states of the United States.

⁵*The Falcon and the Sirius*. Names of the aeroplanes in which the two flights were made. It is the flight in the *Sirius* which *North to the Orient* describes

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⁶*San Bernardino Mountains* in California

PAGE 58

⁷*Roller-coaster*: In England generally known as the switch-back and a feature of most large amusement parks. One travels on it in a little car down steep inclines and over breath-taking rises and falls on a track built on an immense steel and wooden framework

PAGE 61

⁸*Taxi*. The airman's term for running on the ground or surface of the water before or after actual flight. Here, of course, they are in the water, making for the waters of the bay.

PAGE 64

⁹*Shinshiru Maru*. this, of course, is the name of a vessel.

DRAKE SAILS AROUND THE WORLD

PAGE 68

¹*The Pelican* or *Golden Hinde*: in which Drake sailed around the world was a vessel of 120 tons. Her consort was the *Elizabeth* of 80 tons, a small pinnace of 12 tons, and two sloops of 50 and 30 tons, only the *Pelican* completed the voyage

PAGE 69

²*Mr Doughty*: Froude tells us earlier in the story that Mr Doughty was a somewhat mysterious person, probably an informer attached to Drake's fleet by the Spanish party in the cabinet to keep close watch on his activities

³*The Marigold*. one of the sloops

⁴*Magellan*. Ferdinand Magellan, 1480—1521, the first circumnavigator of the globe was a Portuguese. He left Seville under commission from the King of Spain with five vessels on August 10, 1519, to find a new route to the Spice Islands of the

East Indies by the west. Only one vessel, the *Vittoria*, completed the voyage. Magellan reached Cebu in the Philippines on March 16, 1521, and was killed there in a fight with the islanders on April 27th. The survivors of his expedition made their way home after incurring many hardships. The straits of Magellan are named after this great explorer.

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⁵*The Sacrament*: the celebration of the Communion or Last Supper of Christ with his disciples and the most sacred rite of the Christian Church.

⁶*Mendoza*: Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador in England.

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⁷*The Viceroy of Mexico had robbed him and his kinsman*: the reference is of course to San Juan de Ulloa.

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⁸*Lope de Vega*: Lope de Vega, 1562—1635, the Spanish dramatist and poet, wrote *La Dragontea*, 1598, a fantastic history in verse of Sir Francis Drake's last expedition and death. Since the name Drake is like the Spanish word for dragon, and since he was the terror of the Spanish fleets, Lope calls him "the dragon."

⁹*Frobisher*: Sir Martin Frobisher, 1535—1594, Elizabethan navigator and explorer. In 1576 he set out to discover a north-west passage around America and reached Labrador. Failing in his effort, he returned to London, and the rumour spread that there was gold in those lands. He made a second voyage in 1577, and a third in 1578. He commanded the *Triumph* against the Armada, and was knighted for his services.

¹⁰*Davis*: John Davis, 1550—1605, Elizabethan navigator and explorer, in 1585 set out to discover the north-west passage. He tried again without success in 1586 and 1587.

¹¹*Alcaldes*: the Spanish magistrates.

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¹² *μὲγα κύμα θαλάσσης*, the great swell of the sea

¹³*Pantoufles*: slippers.

WATERLOO

PAGE 85

¹*Pavé*: paved street, road or path

²*La Belle Alliance*: a wayside inn near the battlefield

³*Grouchy*: Emmanuel, Marquise de Grouchy, 1776—1847, was a marshal of France after Napoleon's return from Elba, and commanded the right wing which was ordered to pursue the Prussians after their reverse at Ligny. Napoleon subsequently in St. Helena blamed Grouchy largely for the loss of the battle because he followed orders too slavishly and did not come to his assistance at Waterloo.

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⁴*Blücher*: Gerard Leberecht von Blücher, 1742—1819, Prussian field-marshal who commanded the Prussian army. He was a stout fighter and a good general

⁵*Bulow*: Friedrich Wilhelm von Bulow, 1755—1816, Prussian General who was Blücher's second-in-command

⁶*Ich stinke etwas*: I smell somewhat

⁷*Liaison officer*. an officer whose duty is to maintain communication between various branches of an army or between allied armies

⁸*Lieber Freund* dear friend

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⁹*Ney*: Michel Ney, 1769—1819, one of Napoleon's most famous marshals, was created by him Prince of the Moskowa in 1812, when Napoleon was exiled to Elba he pledged loyalty to Louis XVIII, but deserted with his army to Napoleon on the Emperor's return in 1815. After Waterloo he was tried for treason by the Royalists and executed at Paris in December 1815. There is a curious legend to the effect that he escaped and ended his days in America.

¹⁰*Soult*: Nicholas Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, 1789—1851, marshal of France and French commander during the Peninsular War. Like Ney he deserted Louis XVIII during the Hundred Days, and was Napoleon's chief of staff at Waterloo. After Waterloo he was exiled, but was recalled to France in 1819

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¹¹*Jérôme*: Napoleon's brother.

¹²*Reille*: French general who fought at Waterloo. D'Erlon is another.

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¹³*Eagles*: the eagle was the ensign of the Napoleonic Empire as it had been of the Roman Empire.

¹⁴*Shakoes*: military caps in the shape of a truncated cone with peak and either a ball or plumes or a pompom.

¹⁵*Gérard*: commanded an army corps of Napoleon's army

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¹⁶*Lieber Kamerad*: dear comrade.

¹⁷*Quelle affaire*: what a business.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AT SCUTARI

PAGE 97

¹*Balaclava*: This battle in the Crimean War took place on October 25, 1854. The Russian General Liprandi attacked the English and inflicted a severe loss upon them. The battle is famous for the ill-fated charge of the Light Brigade, the subject of Tennyson's spirited poem.

²*Inkerman*: At this bloody battle on November 5, 1854, Mentchikoff was defeated by the allies. It was famous for the charge of the Heavy Brigade on which Tennyson wrote a poem which was not as successful as the other, although the charge itself was much more meritorious.

³*Battle of Alma*: On September 20, 1854, soon after the allied armies landed. The allies were victorious but with heavy losses.

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⁴*Ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate*: Abandon hope all ye who enter here. The line is from Dante's Divine Comedy and is inscribed over the gates of the Inferno (Hell).

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⁵*The Principal doctor*: Dr. John Hall, later Sir John Hall who had been summoned from India to take charge and who according to Strachey, was quite incompetent.

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⁶*The Bird* is of course, Miss Nightingale

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⁷*The Lady with a Lamp*: the nickname by which Miss Nightingale is always known, since at night she would make her solitary rounds, lamp in hand, to speak words of encouragement to sufferers

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⁸*Hagiologies* accounts of saints or holy personsSIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE CLUB

PAGE 116

¹*Haec alii sex*, etc : Six more at least join their consenting voice.²*That famous country-dance* Chappell *Old English Popular Music* says the dance of Roger de Coverley was named after a knight of the reign of Richard I

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³*Humour*: eccentricity due to an excess of one of the four humours of which the human body was supposed to be composed—namely, blood (sanguine), phlegm (phlegmatic), choler or yellow bile (choleric or bilious), melancholy or black bile (melancholy)⁴*Soho Square*. on the south side of Oxford Street, London⁵*Lord Rochester*. John Wilmot, 2nd Earl 1647—1680, poet and man of fashion, who wrote the famous epigram on Charles II —

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no one relies on,
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one

⁶*Sir George Etherege* 1639—1694, English dramatist, whose plays like those of his time, were very licentious⁷*Bully Dawson* a notorious gamester and wild swaggerer⁸*Never dressed afterwards* that is never worried to be in the latest fashion

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⁹*Justice of the Quorum*: The quorum was originally the select number of justices of the peace one or more of whom on account of their skill and discretion were directed to be included in the number necessary to constitute a court; later all the justices of the peace collectively.

¹⁰*Inner Temple*: with the Middle Temple, Grey's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn, one of the Inns of Court.

¹¹*Aristotle and Longinus*: ancient Greek authorities on æsthetics, especially poetry and the drama. Aristotle wrote *The Poetics*; Longinus a treatise *On the Sublime*.

¹²*Littleton* (1402—1481) and *Coke* (1552—1634): famous jurists and writers on law.

¹³*Studying the passions themselves*: by attending the theatre.

¹⁴*Demosthenes and Tully (Cicero)*: the famous Greek and Roman orators and statesmen.

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¹⁵*Too Just*: too exacting.

¹⁶*New Inn*: an inn of chancery pertaining to the Middle Temple.

¹⁷*Russel Court*: a narrow passage for foot-passengers leading from Drury Lane into Catherine Street, Covent Garden, in the theatre district of the day.

¹⁸*Will's Tavern*: the famous coffee-house, a gathering place for the wits of the time.

¹⁹*The Rose*: the Rose Tavern in Russel Street closely adjoins the Drury Lane Theatre.

²⁰*Sir Andrew Freeport*: has been identified, probably wrongly, with Henry Martyn (Martin), who died in 1726, and who was himself a contributor to *The Spectator* (No. 180 and possibly Nos. 200 and 232).

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²¹*Captain Sentry*: has by some been identified as Lt. Col. Kempenfelt, father of "brave Kempenfelt" who went down with the *Royal George*.

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²²*Disposing*: giving awards.

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²³*Humourists*: see *humour* above

²⁴*Will Honeycomb* has been identified with Colonel Williams Cleland of the Life-Guards

²⁵*Duke of Monmouth*. James Fitzroy, 1649—1685, the illegitimate son of Charles II, executed after his rebellion in 1685

CRANFORD SOCIETY

PAGE 126

¹*Amazons*: a race of women warriors of Greek myth dwelling near the shore of the Black Sea, from whose domains men were rigorously excluded

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²*Gigot* an old fashioned dress with sleeves shaped like a leg of mutton

³*Manx* from the Isle of Man

⁴*Tinwald Mount* the Manx kings met their parliaments on this grassy knoll

PAGE 129

⁵*Spartans*: the citizens of Sparta capital of Laconia in Greece were famous for their fortitude and strict self-discipline

⁶*esprit-de-corps*: the sense of fellowship and co-operation that comes from belonging to the same body

PAGE 130

⁷*Pattens*. consisted of thick wooden soles which were attached to the wearer's foot by a strap around the instep, raising ordinary shoes an inch or two above wet or muddy ground

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⁸*Sour-grapeism*: from the fable of the fox, who unable to reach the grapes, consoled himself by deciding that they were sour—a common human trait when we cannot get what we desire

⁹*Sent to Coventry*: to be cut off from all social intercourse, a common method of expression of disapproval of behaviour in English schools

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¹⁰*Tabooed*: forbidden

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¹¹*Spinnet*: a precursor of the piano with keys which like those of the harpsichord were plucked and not struck to sound a note.

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¹²*Pickwick Papers*: appeared serially in 1836.

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¹³"*Suarry*"—Sam Weller's version of Soiree an evening entertainment

¹⁴*Rasselas*: by Dr. Johnson was published in 1759.

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¹⁵*Mr. Boz*: Dickens' pen-name

¹⁶*The Rambler*. a periodical edited by Dr Johnson and published twice a week 1750—52.

¹⁷*Forle*: chief accomplishment.

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¹⁸*Sotto Voce*: in an undertone

BETSY TROTWOOD

In order to understand and appreciate this selection from *David Copperfield* fully it would be well to know, just briefly, what leads up to it

Miss Betsy Trotwood, David Copperfield's aunt, married very unhappily and, having arranged a separation, took her maiden name again and settled in a little cottage at Dover. David's father had once been a favourite of hers, but had displeased her by his marriage to a girl very much younger than himself whom she scornfully called a "wax doll." David's father died before David was born, and the fact that the baby proved to be a boy instead of a girl proved to be a bitter disappointment to Aunt Betsy, who from then on until the incident narrated in our selection had nothing to do with either the child or its mother. Some years later, when David was still a very little boy, his mother married again, and his step-father, Mr. Murdstone, ably assisted by his sister, Clara, treated poor David with cruel severity which even degenerated into outright brutality. The little boy was sent for a short while to Salem Hall, a school conducted by Mr. Creakle, like Mr. Squeers of *Nicholas Nickleby*, one of Dickens's unpleasant schoolmasters

On his mother's death he was at the age of ten put to work in the warehouse of Murdstone and Grinby, and his spirit rebelled so fiercely against the degrading work assigned him and his coarse associates there that he took refuge in flight. Making his way with great difficulty and suffering from London to Dover, he presented himself weak with fatigue and hunger, penniless, and disreputable in appearance at his Aunt Betsy's door. This selection relates how Miss Trotwood, very grim externally but very tender at heart, welcomed her shabby, homeless, little nephew

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¹*fly-driver* cabman

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²*Mr. Dick*. an eccentric gentleman, just a little addle-brained, who lives with Aunt Betsy, and whom she regards as the epitome of shrewdness and wisdom

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³*His sister, Betsy Trotwood* the sister she had hoped for who was never born

PAGE 151

⁴*Wool-gathering*. letting your mind wander

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⁵*Jellips*. the doctor who assisted at David's birth was called Chillip but Miss Betsy, like a great many old ladies, seldom gets names right, perhaps because she does not want to do so

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⁶*Cain*: after the murder of Abel was a wanderer over the face of the earth

⁷*Peggotty* David's dear old nurse, who married the carrier, Barkis

THE DEATH OF COLONEL NEWCOME

PAGE 162

¹*Grey Friars*: Thackeray attended the Charterhouse School, and Grey Friars in *The Newcomes* is the Charterhouse. The school was founded on the site of an old Carthusian monastery by Thomas Sutton in 1611, and under the first foundation was chapel, hospital (alms-house), and school. It

afforded at first a home for 80 male pensioners and provided for the education of 40 boys. The school grew and now ranks with the public schools of England. In 1872 it moved to a new site. Colonel Thomas Newcome in his poverty became a pensioner of Grey Friars

²*Bayham*: *Fred Bayham* (F B), a friend of the Colonel's son, Clive, and of Arthur Pendennis who tells the story.

³*Miss Newcome*: Ethel Newcome, the Colonel's niece, who finally marries Clive

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⁴*Rosey*: Rosalind, Clive Newcome's first wife, who is on her deathbed

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⁵*The Friend who never more was to enter my door*: the Colonel.

⁶*Madame de Florac*: Léonore de Blois, wife of the Comte de Florac, whom the Colonel has always loved, but who married the Comte at her father's command.

⁷*Mrs Mackenzie*: mother of Rosalind, who had been very cruel in her treatment of the Colonel and with whom Clive had just quarrelled.

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⁸*Codd Colonel*: Codd is a colloquial term for a Poor Brother or pensioner

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⁹*Barness Newcome*: the Colonel's nephew, a snob and a cad

¹⁰*Mrs Hobson*: Mrs Hobson Newcome, the Colonel's sister-in-law.

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¹¹*Quia multum amavit*: because he loved much

¹²*I, curre*: Go run

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¹³*Toujours*: always.

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¹⁴*Adsum*: I am present.

